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JOHN HUSS AND THE HUSSITES.

An Introduction to "D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation." The Reformers before the Reformation. The Fifteenth century. John Huss and the council of Constance. By Emile de Bonnechose, librarian of the king of France, author of "Histoire de France," "Histoire Sacrée," &c.

In ea tempora natus es, quibus firmare animum expediat constantibus exemplis. *Tacitus, lib.* xvi.

L'homme n'est un homme et ne demeure libre et vrai qu'a condition de rester au pouvoir de sa conscience, ce qui est la vraie liberté. *Vinet.*

Translated from the French by Campbell McKenzie, B. A., Trinity college, Dublin. Complete in one volume, 8vo., pp. 199. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1844.

IN THE very midst of the great western schism,—when all Christendom was overspread with gloom and desolation,—when the very bosom of the church was torn by fierce dissention, and rival claimants of the papacy stood in bold and determined opposition to each other—when the distraction and laxity of church government gave occasion to many inevitable abuses,—and when, humanly speaking, the very existence of the church herself seemed to be threatened,—a dark and threatening cloud gathered in Bohemia, and soon burst upon her in one of the most terrific storms that she had ever experienced during the long course of her history. Torn and distracted *within,* she was, at the same time, fiercely assailed by a bold and truculent heresy from *without;* as if Divine Providence, in permitting these dreadful evils to fall simultaneously upon her, had meant to make trial of her strength, and to prove triumphantly to the world her innate stability and indestructibility. With every odds against her; with her energies divided and broken; with the papacy—the great controlling and conservative element of her government itself—in jeopardy; she was still to behold her all-conquering banner wave in triumph over all her enemies, both external and internal; and she was to witness, in this her signal triumph, one more conclusive proof, in addition to the thousand which her history had already afforded, that Christ was still faithful to his solemn pledge,—"the gates of hell SHALL NOT prevail against her."

The annals of the world tell of few men more remarkable than *John Huss.* The forerunner of Martin Luther and John Calvin, he united the boldness and indomitable energy of the former, with the coolness and fierce malignity of the latter; while he, perhaps, sur-

passed both in firmness and obstinacy of purpose. Born of poor and obscure parentage, in the small village of Hussinecz in Bohemia, in the year 1373, we find him, in his thirtieth year, a professor in the famous university of Prague, confessor of the queen of Bohemia, and preacher at the chapel of Bethlehem.* Bold, energetic, talented, and sprightly, he soon rose to distinction, and acquired an almost unbounded popularity. As professor, he fascinated the youth who flocked to his lectures by the boldness of his views, and the startling novelty of his theories. As confessor to the queen, he exercised great influence over her mind, and over that of her weak and imbecile husband, Wenceslaus; and became all powerful at court. As a popular preacher, he had few rivals, and no superior, in all Bohemia.

Such was the man who was soon to rear the standard of revolt against the church, to maintain doctrines subversive of all social order, both civil and religious, and to light up in Bohemia a flame which was to be extinguished only in the blood of thousands of its citizens! Had he continued faithful to the church; had he devoted his life and talents to the cause of truth and social order, had he studied to allay, instead of exciting, the elements of discord already fermenting in the minds of men, and especially in those of his fierce and semi-barbarous countrymen, he might have been one of the brightest ornaments of his age and nation, and one of the strongest pillars of the church. As a priest of the Catholic church, he had, at the holy altar, solemnly plighted his faith to become and to continue her advocate and faithful champion until death:—her cause was his cause; her truth his truth; her joys were his joys, and her sorrows his sorrows. If ever she needed a champion, now was the time that she needed one; if ever she needed a comforter in her grief, this was the season.

But alas! instead of comforting her, and laboring to assuage her grief, in this the bitterest hour of her affliction, this sworn minister of her altars, who had broken bread with her in unity and in sweetness of communion, now deserted her, and treacherously lifted up his heel against her! He preferred the ephemeral popularity attending the advocacy of bold and startling novelties, to that less brilliant and enticing, but more solid and permanent glory, which results from the humble and unostentatious championship of old and uninviting, but wholesome truths. Like many other men of great talent and genius, but seduced by secret pride, he preferred the fame which attaches to the founder of a new sect, to that which he might have acquired by pursuing the even tenor of his way, and doing much good, in a quiet manner, in the venerable old paths of truth marked out and hallowed by the footsteps of his sainted forefathers in the faith.

He wished, in a word, to become in Bohemia, what Wickliffe had so recently been in England. The bold English reformer—the redoubtable captain of the Lollards—had died quietly and in peace* in the year 1384, in his own rectory of Lutterworth; but, in dying, he had bequeathed a fatal legacy to posterity in his writings.† These abounded with virulent attacks upon the ministry, doctrines, and institutions of the Catholic church,—of which Wickliffe was nevertheless a priest,—and with principles as new as they were pernicious. Many of his assertions were downright blasphemies against the Deity; such as those of his propositions asserting absolute predestination and fatality, and, among the rest, this atrocious one—"*God ought to obey the devil*"!!‡ Many of them consisted of bitter and baseless tirades against the clergy and the popes: such as that which designated "the Roman church a synagogue of Satan;"§ and those which styled heretics, all clergymen who held any species of property, as well as those who bestowed it on them.‖ Others railed against the monastic orders as "diabolical and unchristian;"¶ and against colleges and universities, as "pagan in their origin" and "devilish" in their tendencies.** Others, in fine, openly

* Founded in the year 1391 by two wealthy citizens of Prague: Johann Von Muhlheim and the merchant Kreuz; and destined especially for the preaching of the gospel to the poor.

* In spite of all the alleged cruelty and persecuting spirit of the Catholic church.

† The worst of these was his *Trialogus*, written after his retirement from Oxford to Lutterworth, and shortly before his death. It embodied, in the form of a conference among three persons, all his virulence, all his distinctive doctrines, and all the worst features of his system.

‡ Deus debet obedire diabolo.—Prop. vi, among those condemned by the council of Constance.

§ Prop. xxxvii, ibid.

‖ Prop. xxxvi.

¶ Prop. xxiii and xxxi.

** Prop. xxix.

broached and defended doctrines directly subversive of all social order, both in church and state; such as those which maintained that a bishop and a civil magistrate lost all power and jurisdiction the moment they fell into grievous sin!* This last may be reckoned the distinctive doctrine of Wickliffe's whole system; the one to which the civil commotions and bloodshed subsequently caused by his disciples, the Lollards, are fairly traceable.

Such were the leading features of that iniquitous system, which was now to be transplanted from England to Bohemia, and to produce in the latter country the same bitter and poisonous fruits which it had produced and was yet producing in the former. A noble Bohemian, named Jerome Faulfish, but more commonly known as Jerome of Prague, had visited the famous university of Oxford in England for the purpose of completing his education. There he became acquainted with the writings of Wickliffe, which he perused with avidity and delight. On his return to Bohemia, about the year 1402, he brought several copies of them with him, and busily circulated them among the professors and students of the university of Prague. Thoroughly imbued himself with the doctrines of the English reformer, he labored with unremitting zeal to infuse his own convictions into the minds of others. He succeeded but too well in his purpose!

The university of Prague was divided and thrown into confusion. A rivalry had long existed in its halls between the German professors and students, and those of Bohemia: but hitherto the Germans had maintained the ascendency, both in numbers and in influence. The tables were now turned. John Huss adopted and defended with great vigor the doctrines of Wickliffe, and was soon followed by nearly all the Bohemians belonging to the university; the Germans as ardently maintained the old principles of religion and philosophy, and denounced the new opinions as both heretical and ruinous in their tendency. Novelty, however, gained the day; the Germans were expelled from the university, John Huss and his adherents became supreme therein, and they were thus enabled to teach and to spread their new-fangled notions almost without opposition.*

The infection soon spread throughout all Bohemia. The ignorant and the vicious were pleased with the new doctrines, and fascinated with the boldness and eloquence of the man who poured forth, in his own chapel of Bethlehem, and throughout the kingdom, his coarse and withering invectives against the popes, the bishops, and the clergy. The standard of revolt was now raised; and all Bohemia was in a flame. The dreadful sequel is but too well known.

It is fashionable with such writers as M. Bonnechose to praise with extravagance, and to exalt even to the skies, men who, like John Huss, fiercely opposed the Catholic church, and founded new sects. We are not at all surprised at this. Men naturally sympathize with those of a kindred spirit. No matter how wicked the founders of new sects may have been; no matter how reckless, inconsistent, and unprincipled; no matter what commotion they excited, what hatred they stirred up, what torrents of blood they caused to flow; if they only opposed Rome, all their iniquities are at once forgiven and forgotten, and they are painted as saints, as heroes, as martyrs, as men who preferred the voice of their conscience to all the smiles of the church and of the world! This fierce and more than Carthagenian hatred of Rome, like the mantle of charity, covers a multitude of sins. John Huss and Jerome of Prague are represented as men entirely in advance of their age; as men who had the courage to rebuke the vices and errors of a corrupt and all-powerful church; and as men who fell victims to their noble zeal and integrity, and to the vengeance of the hierarchy.

M. Bonnechose evidently follows the accounts most favorable to Huss and the Hussites.† If he read at all the authorities on

* Prop. xv. Nullus est dominus civilis, nullus est prælatus, nullus est episcopus, dum est in peccato mortali.

* We have gathered these particulars from a distinguished cotemporary, *Æneas Sylvius*—Historia Bohemorum, c. 35. He says that the Bohemians were then "by nature ferocious and indomitable—natura ferocibus atque indomitis." He adds that Wickliffe's new doctrines were spread by Huss, chiefly with a view to vex the German professors, and to oust the Germans from the university—"Wyclevitarum doctrinam arripuit eaque Teutonicos vexare magistros cœpit, sperans eo confusos Teutones scholas relicturos."

† The chief authorities on the history of John Huss and the Hussites are the following: In favor of John Huss, a voluminous work, composed by an *anonymous* Hussite, and entitled: Historia et monumenta Jo.

the other side, his readers are in a great measure deprived of the fruits of his researches. If he sometimes quotes Æneas Sylvius and Jo. Cochlœus, it is rather to keep up a semblance of impartiality, or to confirm some statement in favor of Huss, than to exhibit fairly and fully the facts and evidence on both sides. When his favorite partisan work—"the History and Monuments of John Huss and Jerome of Prague"—fails him, he calls in to his aid the veracious John Fox, the English martyrologist, whom he quotes with as much complacency, as if he had been a cotemporary historian, and as if he had never written accounts of the cruel deaths and martyrdom of *living* men. Such is the general character of M. Bonnechose's work, which, with some pretensions to erudition and impartiality, is as thoroughly partisan a book as ever was written. We think no candid man who reads it, and compares its statements with those of the original historians, can come to any other conclusion.

We hate persecution under every form and shape. Catholics have been too long and too cruelly the victims of it, to relish it, no matter by what reasoning or pretext its advocates may have sought to justify it in any particular case. We sincerely regret and condemn the spirit which sent John Huss and Jerome of Prague to the stake; and we do so consistently with the principles of our holy faith. That bloody deed was much more the result of the spirit of the times in which it was done, than of the spirit of the church: it was the consequence of imperial, rather than of ecclesiastical, enactments. All this we hope to make appear in the sequel, by such a mass of evidence as the candid can not resist or answer.

The Catholic church has never persecuted, *as a church.* She has, indeed, at all times freely and fearlessly exercised her undoubted prerogative of proclaiming the truth, and of stigmatizing error; of witnessing and authoritatively pronouncing on the "faith once delivered to the saints." She had been instituted for this express purpose; and well and fully has she fulfilled her mission. No matter how adverse the circumstances under which she labored; no matter what clouds and storms gathered around her pathway; she was, at all times, too thoroughly imbued with the meek and humble spirit of her divine Founder and spouse, to call down fire on the heads of her enemies. She could suffer without a murmur; she could not witness, much less inflict suffering on others, without a pang. Her whole history through eighteen long centuries will, if impartially examined and fairly stated, fully bear out this view of the subject.

Nor does the case of John Huss and Jerome of Prague constitute an exception to this general remark. Their melancholy deaths, as we have already intimated, were the result of imperial laws, not of church decisions. It was the emperor Sigismund, and not the fathers of the council of Constance, who sentenced them to death. The council merely condemned the doctrines of Huss, ordered the books containing them to be burnt,* and deposed him from the ministry as an unworthy and heretical priest;† it was the emperor Sigismund who condemned him to death, in accordance with the settled law of the Germanic empire.

Even M. Bonnechose, how much soever he strives to implicate the council,‡ is still constrained to admit this. He tells us that the emperor, at the close of Huss' examination before the council, irritated at the obstinacy of the man, whom neither he nor the council could induce to retract, thus addressed the assembled fathers in his presence:

"You have heard the errors which this man has taught—many of which are crimes deserving of the severest punishment. *My opinion, therefore, is,* that, unless he abjures every one of them, he ought to be burned to

Huss atque Hieronymi Pragensis—Norimbergæ: 1715, Tom. ii, in folio. This work is a special favorite with M. Bonnechose, who quotes it on all occasions. Against Huss: *Æneæ Sylvii*—De Bohemorum origine ac gestis historia (Romæ: 1475, fol.), especially chaps. 35 and 36; and *Johannes Cochlæus*—Historia Hussitarum, Libri xii. (Moguntiæ: 1549, folio.) To these add a host of more recent writers, especially in Germany, chiefly in favor of Huss; such as *Theobaldus*—De Bello Hussitarum, in 4to; *Wilhelmi Seyfridi*—De Jo. Huss martyris vita, fatis, ac scriptis, Jenæ: 1729, &c.; *J. F. W. Fischer*, life of Jerome of Prague, and Zitte's life of Huss, both written in German. See also *Labbæi* Concilia—Concil. Constant.; *Hardt*—Constant. Concilium, &c., vi Tom. folio; *L'Enfant*—Histoire du Concile de Constance, Tom. ii; and *Castenet*—Nouvelle Hist. du Concile de Constance, Paris: 1718, 4to., &c., &c.

* Those who affect to be scandalized at this are referred to the example of St. Paul, who caused a multitude of bad books to be burned at Ephesus—Acts, ch. xix.

† M. Bonnechose himself is forced to admit this. See p. 102, where he gives the substance of the two sentences pronounced by the council.

‡ Many of his assertions on this subject need confirmation, other than his own bare word and that of his partial authorities.

death. . . . . If any of his followers should happen to be at Constance, they ought also to be severely put down, and chiefly, amongst them all, his disciple Jerome." *

As we shall see, in a passage to be cited hereafter, he had pronounced a similar opinion at the opening of the examination.

For nearly two hundred years before the council of Constance, it had been a settled and organic law of the Germanic empire, that heresy was punishable with death. At the famous convention held at Roncaglia, in Italy, in the year 1158, the emperor Frederic Barbarossa had revived the provisions of the old Roman imperial laws, as modified and acted on by the first Christian emperors. He had revived them with all their absolutism and all their persecuting spirit. His grandson, Frederic II, went still farther. In the year 1244, he added specific and terrible laws against heretics. In the new code, blasphemy and heresy were put on a level with high treason; and, like it, were to be punished with death. It was thought by the law that heresy was rebellion and high treason against heaven; and that a man who was a traitor to his God, could not be a faithful subject to his earthly sovereign.

The church had at least no direct agency in enacting this odious code. She seems to have merely acquiesced in, and to have submitted to it. She could not, in fact, have well done otherwise: for the two Frederics were men of stern resolve—tyrants whom no influence could either tame or control. During the time of the early Christian emperors, the church had often been the victim of a similar stern and grasping legislation. She had seen her best pontiffs and bishops dragged into exile, and condemned to death by the iron will of imperial tyrants, who took it upon themselves to decide what was truth, and what was heresy,† and to enforce their decision with terrible penalties.

The condemnation to death, then, of John Huss and Jerome of Prague at Constance, was no new thing. It was done in accordance with a settled principle of law, long established and generally recognized. No one questioned its existence, or doubted its justice, either at that time, or for many centuries afterwards; not even those who fell victims to its exercise. All the early reformers adopted and defended the very same principle; and the punishment by death at the stake, for heresy, was retained in Protestant England longer than in any other country in the world.* Even John Huss himself, as we shall show more fully in the sequel, was not only well aware of the existence of this law ere he departed from Prague for Constance; but he freely consented to be judged by it, and to abide its penalty, if convicted of heresy. At Constance itself, on being accused of having denied its justice, he repelled the accusation, and only remarked: "the heretic can not be corporeally punished, until after he has been charitably instructed, by means of arguments drawn from Scripture:"† a qualification which, with the exception of its implying the right of private interpretation in opposition to church authority, few would have felt disposed to question even in that iron age. The church may, then, say in reference to the death of Huss and Jerome:—*non mea culpa est, sed temporum.* It was not *her* fault that they died at the stake; it was the fault of the age.

But before we can subscribe to the opinion that Huss was a saint and a martyr, and that the council of Constance acted a cruel and treacherous part by him, we must have more evidence than the bare word of such flippant writers as M. Bonnechose, and the partisan historians whom he quotes. We must go into the whole merits of the case, and examine the following *previous* questions.

1*st.* What were the doctrines of John Huss, and what were their effects on society?

2*d.* What means did he adopt to spread them?

3*d.* Was he always equally bold in avowing, and consistent in maintaining them?

4*th.* Had he a fair trial at Constance?

5*th.* Did the council act with wanton cruelty in his regard?

And 6*th.* Was the council guilty of perfidy and treachery towards him?

We shall endeavor briefly and succinctly, but, we hope, clearly and satisfactorily, to

* P. 96.

† Witness the cases of the pontiffs Liberius, Sylverius, and St. Martin I; and of the holy prelates, St. Hilary, of Poictiers; St. Athanasius, of Alexandria; St. John Chrysostom, of Constantinople, and of many others.

* Instances of this cruel punishment occur in England as late as the reign of George I! See Fletcher's notes to De Maistre's "Letters on the Spanish Inquisition."

† Bonnechose, p. 94.

answer all these questions. And we will assert nothing which can not be clearly proved from undoubted and original sources, cotemporary with the events themselves.

I. What were the doctrines of John Huss, and what were their effects on society?

His doctrines were the same as those of Wickliffe, of which we have already spoken, with this important difference, however, that the Bohemian does not appear to have gone so far as the English reformer. Huss admitted to the day of his death many distinctive doctrines of Catholicity which Wickliffe had rejected: such as the real presence, the sacrifice of the mass, the power of granting indulgences, and some others. But, in all other respects, he seems to have agreed almost entirely with Wickliffe, though he was, perhaps, less furious, and more cautious, in expressing his opinions than the bluff and sour Englishman. Like him, he railed incessantly against the popes, the bishops, the clergy, the religious orders; like him, he maintained the doctrine of absolute predestination; like him, he believed that none but the elect belonged or could belong to the church of Christ; like him, he maintained that it was unlawful for the clergy to hold property of any kind; like him, he denied the infallibility of the church; and, like him, he asserted the ruinous principle—ruinous to all social organization, whether political or religious—that the circumstance of a temporal or spiritual ruler being in the state of mortal sin, deprived him, by the very fact, of all power and jurisdiction!* He also openly denied the power of the church to excommunicate or to suspend her ministers, and boldly defended the disorganizing doctrine, that a priest thus excommunicated, provided he believed the sentence unjust, could still continue to exercise his functions, in spite of the prohibition by the ecclesiastical tribunal. He more than once intimated that St. Peter never had been the head of the church; that the Roman pontiffs had derived their supremacy from the Cæsars; and that there was no need of a visible head of the church on earth. That such were the distinctive doctrines of Huss, we think no one who has at all read the original documents will be disposed to deny.*

Who can wonder that doctrines so thoroughly disorganizing should have produced the most disastrous effects on society? Who can wonder that Prague soon became the theatre of bitter contentions, of civil commotions, of infuriate mobs, of bloodshed? Who can wonder that all Bohemia was thrown into convulsions; that its hills and valleys were crimsoned with the blood of its own citizens; that a civil war the most obstinate and bloody, perhaps, recorded in the annals of history, tore and lacerated its bosom, and sent tens of thousands of its citizens to the tomb? All these terrible disasters were as natural and necessary results of the preaching and doctrines of John Huss, as fruits are of the tree which bears them, or as smouldering ruins are of the dreadful conflagration. John Huss enkindled a flame in the bosom of his country which preyed on its very vitals, and threatened it with utter annihilation, for long years after he was himself no more!

That Huss was a bold and turbulent spirit; that his doctrines naturally tended to insubordination, revolt, and sedition; and that he not only took no precautions to check this sinister tendency, but rather encouraged it, and fanned the flame of popular excitement, we think no candid man will deny. That the effects indicated above *did* follow his preaching and doctrine even M. Bonnechose, his most ardent and unscrupulous champion, fully admits. We will allege a few facts and passages from his work to illustrate this branch of the subject.

Sbinko, the archbishop of Prague, the declared opponent of Huss and of his doctrines, had perished by poison; and a rumor was already afloat in the community that he had come to his death through the malice of the Hussites. Our author assures us that this report was unfounded in fact; but he speaks of the excitement which raged at Prague, about this time, in the following language:

"But, at Prague, the question no longer was to clear up a fact, which could be to one party a deep disgrace, and to the other a

* See the propositions extracted from the works of Huss and condemned by the Council of Constance;—not as M. Bonnechose gives them on the authority of Fox (!)—but as they are recorded in the acts of the council itself; especially Propositions i, ii, v, xxi and xxx. See also Bonnechose, p. 91, where he tells a *part* of the truth in regard to the doctrines of Huss.

* See the propositions *sup. cit.* M. Bonnechose admits that Huss advocated most of those doctrines; but his account is often very vague and inaccurate. Instead of giving us, in one place, a well digested summary of the doctrines of Huss, he scatters the account of them throughout the book; and he evidently seeks to disguise or conceal their very worst features.

motive of vengeance: *the flames of civil war were gathering at the bottom of men's hearts,* and the rage of parties no longer required a real cause for bursting forth, but only a pretext. It was impossible not to acknowledge the moral authority—the very *serious ascendency*—which John Huss had acquired over men's minds; for no longer were the caprices of fashion, or an inconsiderate infatuation, sufficient to gain over partisans or disciples for his doctrines," &c.*

This tremendous excitement between the two hostile parties, composed of the friends and opponents of Huss at Prague, soon broke out into open sedition, filled the streets with mobs and desolation, and drenched them with blood! Huss had been compelled to fly, but he now returned, and placed himself, with renewed vigor and determination, at the head of his partisans. The magistrates of the city, foreseeing the coming troubles, besought him to desist; but they besought in vain.

"The magistrates of Prague," says our author, "blamed John Huss, and joined with the heads of the university, the court, and the clergy against him. So many elements of discord," he continues, "portended fresh troubles of a more serious character than those which had already caused the voluntary exile of Huss, but no apprehension shook his resolution."†

With his characteristic obstinacy, he persisted, and could not be turned from his course, either by expostulation or by apprehension of the dreadful consequences about to ensue. He put up placards on the doors of the churches and monasteries of Prague, challenging all doctors, priests, monks and scholars to a public discussion. We will transcribe M. Bonnechose's account of what passed at this discussion.

"On the appointed day, the concourse was prodigious; and the rector, in alarm, endeavored, though in vain, to dissolve the assembly. A doctor of canon law stood up and delivered a defence of the pope and the bulls: then, falling on John Huss, he said—'you are a priest; you are subordinate to the pope, who is your spiritual father. It is only filthy birds which defile their own nests; and Ham was accursed for having uncovered his father's shame.' At these words the people murmured and were in great commotion. Already were stones beginning to fly, when John Huss interfered and calmed the storm. After him the impetuous Jerome of Prague addressed the multitude, and terminated a vehement harangue with these words:—'Let those who are our friends unite with us; Huss and I are going to the palace, and we will let the vanity of those indulgences be seen.'"*

In short—not to multiply quotations which would take up too much of our space—John Huss and Jerome of Prague placed themselves at the head of a tumultuous mob, filled the city with confusion, openly defied the authorities, and, as if to make this mob more like that which so lately disgraced one of our eastern cities, *desecrated the Sunday* by marching, with arms in their hands, on that day, to the town-house to demand the pardon of three rioters, who, having been arrested by the authorities, were there confined. On the appearance of John Huss with his formidable mob at the prison gates,

"The magistrates deliberated in trouble and consternation, and the council replied, in the name of all: 'Dear master, we are astonished at your lighting up a fire, in which you run the risk of being burned yourself. It is very hard for us to pardon persons *who do not even spare the sanctuary,* who fill the city with tumult, and who, if not prevented, would stain our streets with slaughter. Nevertheless, keep the people within bounds, and withdraw: your wishes shall be attended to.'"†

But when the rioters had withdrawn, at the bidding of Huss, the magistrates thought proper to break a promise extorted from them by threats and fear; and the prisoners were executed. When the mob became acquainted with this fact,

"A furious tumult arose. The doors of the prison were burst open, the bodies taken off, and transported in linen shrouds under the vault of the chapel of Bethlehem. They were there interred with great honors, the scholars singing in chorus over their tomb—'*They are saints who have given up their bodies for the gospel of God.*'"‡

Huss was the ringleader in all these tumultuous and lawless scenes: and he even pronounced the eulogy of these ruffian rioters and convicted felons, whom he styled "saints and martyrs."§ On that memorable occasion, in the midst of the most tremendous popular excitement, he, a minister of the God of peace, fanned the flame, by pronouncing a most furious tirade of abuse and invective against

* P. 36. The real authors of the death of Archbishop Sbinko are unknown. It was natural, however, that suspicion should have rested on the disciples of Huss, of whom he was an open and declared adversary.

† P. 41.

* P. 41. † Id. p. 42. ‡ Ibid.

§ Ibid. When charged with this at the council of Constance, Huss did not deny it.—Id. p. 96.

the popes, the clergy, and the church.* The result was awful; mob violence ruled supreme and uncontrolled in the hitherto peaceful city of Prague; and our author himself assures us that

"All men's minds seemed in a blaze:—the city was daily the theatre of sanguinary scenes; there was no longer security at Prague for personal safety;—even the king himself thought it best to take his departure, and hurried from place to place." †

Such, then, were the *immediate* effects of Huss' preaching and doctrines in Prague. At no distant day, as we shall shortly see, these disasters were to be extended, aggravated a hundred-fold, to all Bohemia! But we are tired of these atrocities, and must hasten on in our investigation.

II. What means did Huss adopt to spread his doctrines?

This question will not detain us long. It is easily answered. M. Bonnechose, in fact, answers it for us. Huss formed and increased his party by strongly appealing to the passions of the ignorant, by delivering violent and inflammatory invectives against the popes, the bishops, and the clergy; by exposing, and by offering to redress, the grievances of the poor; and by a certain boldness of tone, fixedness of purpose, and rough eloquence, which just suited the mobs whom he addressed, and which made him the idol, because they constituted him the leader and champion, of the multitude. His party once formed, he kept it together, and swelled its number, by his indomitable energy and untiring industry, and by his exciting and maddening harangues. By affecting zeal for the correction of abuses, and putting on a sanctimonious air, he succeeded in winning to his standard many of the pious and well disposed, whose simplicity did not penetrate beyond the exterior veil which covered his real purpose; whilst, by appeals to the avarice of kings and princes, he succeeded in inducing many of them, also, either to become his partisans, or, at least, to remain neutral. We will present a few extracts from our author to establish such of these assertions as are not manifest of themselves, or as have not been already proved.

* Ibid, p. 42.

† P. 43. It requires no stretch of fancy to observe an almost exact parallelism between the riots at Prague, and those which recently occurred at Philadelphia! Human nature and human passions are ever the same.

"Huss had, besides," he tells us, "against his enemies, the powerful support of the nobility, several members of whom were sincerely touched by the elevation and purity of his doctrines, whilst a great number adopted them, either through a spirit of opposition to the court, or through jealousy towards the high clergy, or *through the hope of sharing in their spoils.*" *

But Huss soon took effectual means to silence the opposition of the court itself. He knew the weak point in the character of the imbecile Wenceslaus; and he stopped not at any thing to win him over to his party. Let us hear M. Bonnechose.

"Some of Huss' opinions, particularly that which he borrowed from Wickliffe, respecting titles and church property, were exceedingly to the taste of Wenceslaus. '*Secular lords,*' he used to say, '*have the power of taking away, whenever they please, their temporal possessions from such ecclesiastics as live in habitual sin.*' (*They* were to judge) . . . . . Wenceslaus adopted those doctrines—*which were those of the greater portion of the reformers, and which rendered many princes favorable to them.* He, therefore, set himself up as the arbiter of the employment of church property; but, as he cared nothing whatever for the poor, it was into his strong-box that the ill-employed riches of the clergy found their way; and when he openly came forward and supported the new opinions, his severity and his exactions swelled John Huss' party. Several wealthy ecclesiastics declared themselves Hussites; for, *with a view to save their property,* they adopted the doctrines which enjoined a good employment of it." †

These are, indeed, precious avowals, coming, as they do, from a warm eulogist of Huss, and a sworn enemy of Catholicity. They could have been extorted from him only by the sternest evidence of truth. Now, can any one, for a moment, persuade himself that a man who resorted to *such* means, could have been either a saint or a martyr? Saints and martyrs are made of different stuff altogether. It is not the mere circumstance of dying for a cause which makes a martyr, but it is the justice, and the holiness, and the truth of the cause itself.‡ Could that man be reckoned a martyr, who was the leader of armed and infuriate mobs, who made maddening appeals to the most grovelling passions, who fanned into a wild conflagration the flames which himself had lighted up in the bosom of his country,

* P. 40. † P. 42-3.

‡ *Martyrem facit non pœna, sed causa*—is an adage, as true as it is old.

and who revelled amidst the ruins which himself had caused? We think not.

III. Was John Huss always equally bold, and consistent in maintaining his doctrines?

Obstinacy was his characteristic trait; but yet, obstinate as he was, he was most certainly a very different character at Prague and at Constance. At Prague, he was bold, daring, reckless; at Constance, he was cautious, reserved, and comparatively timid. At Prague, he boldly announced his doctrines and defended them with an overpowering popular eloquence; at Constance, he modified, concealed, or openly denied them. At Prague, he was the fearless religious demagogue; at Constance, he was the wily and tortuous heresiarch! We defy any one to read M. Bonnechose's history attentively, without being forcibly struck with this remarkable falling off—this singular inconsistency in one who is yet held up to our admiration as a saint, a martyr, and a stainless reformer of God's holy church!

Our narrow limits, and the important matters we have yet to examine, will not permit us many details on this subject. Besides, the thing is too plain to need much proof; and we refer with great confidence to the statements of our partial historian himself. Whoever will read and compare even *his* imperfect account of Huss' sermons and works* in Bohemia, with that of his defence of himself and of his doctrines at Constance, must be persuaded that, while Huss was the bold and declared enemy of the church in the former place, he wished to pass for one of her faithful and obedient children in the latter. This inconsistency and paltry manœuvring is acknowledged and remarked on by M. Bonnechose, who is sadly puzzled how to account for the anomaly. Hear what he says on the subject.

"He (Huss) protested his attachment and respect for the Catholic church: he declared his unwillingness to separate from it, and yet, unknown to himself (!), he was giving a sensible shock to its foundations, by maintaining that believers had the right to examine its decrees before they submitted to them. Who does not perceive that, on the one hand, obedience to a church which declares itself to be immutable and infallible, and, on the other, examination and appeal to an internal criterion—the conscience—are two things contrary to each other and incompatible? *It would be a difficult thing to affirm that John Huss believed that he could reconcile them*, or that he had supposed that he had succeeded in the task. *We can not, indeed, comprehend how he could have deceived himself on this point.* Yet it is most certain that he attempted to effect an agreement between these two hostile principles, and that he thus carried in his bosom the germs of a violent struggle, at once irreconcilable and interminable. That was the formidable and insolvable problem which agitated his life and hastened his end,"* &c.

We must furnish another curious extract from our author on the same subject. It occurs in the closing paragraph of the chapter in which he treats of the death of Huss; and is valuable as presenting his views of the general character of the reformer.

"As to the right of the matter, before he (Huss) admitted that any proposition was heretical or false, he required to have its falsehood demonstrated by Scripture. This was to recognise in the divine word, interpreted by private judgment, an authority superior to the decisions of the church—it was to attack the clergy in their spiritual authority. . . . . Strange destiny of Huss! Most curious problem! In his way of thinking, all separation from the old trunk of the church is a heresy worthy of hell; and yet the separated churches reckon him, with pride, amongst their martyrs! . . . . . John Huss considered himself a Catholic, and yet he appealed from the church to his conscience and to God! *He was a Protestant without knowing it!*"†

We confess we can not believe that Huss was so simple. He was not such a "goose"‡ as this theory would make him appear. The truth is, he had taken a wrong step, and he *felt* it; he occupied a false position, and he did not wish to leave it. He had a strong and clamorous party to sustain him: he was their leader and head; they hung upon his lips, and could be led like children by his words. He *felt* that he could not retract without displeasing his party, on whose praises he had been

* Especially his work "on the Church," and his pamphlet: "The Six Errors." "The first" of these errors "was that of the priests who boasted of making the body of Jesus Christ in the mass, and of being the creator of their creator."—Bonnechose, p. 45. Yet at Constance, he openly asserted the real presence, and took God to witness that he had never taught any thing against it! See id. p. 90, seqq. This is but one, out of many, of the inconsistencies and contradictions of Huss. Cf. also pp. 43, 45, with pp. 90, 104, 105, &c. of our author.

* P. 34. † P. 105.

‡ *Huss* is Bohemian for *goose;* and Huss himself often punned on his name. See Bonnechose, p. 86, note. So then if we err, either in taste or impoliteness, we do it not without an illustrious precedent. It is remarkable, also, that the family name of Jerome of Prague, *Faulfisch*, means a *foul fish*. At least the names of both of the Bohemian reformers were ominous. That of Jerome, however, was much more appropriate than that of Huss.

so long accustomed to feast: he had not the humility nor the moral courage to go back: he would rather die first;—for, in this case, he would be hailed as a martyr, and he would live with posterity. He had evidently more regard to his *party* than to the *truth*. Had he been a solitary man, without a party, he never would have mustered courage to die at Constance. Such at least is our candid opinion; and we think we do him no injustice.

IV. A still more important question, is—had Huss a fair trial at Constance?

We sincerely believe that he had; and to prove it, we need no other vouchers than the *facts* of the case—apart from the false coloring and unfair construction—as given by M. Bonnechose himself. The following facts are certain and undoubted.

1st. John Huss went to the council of Constance, of his own accord, in *voluntary* obedience to the summons of the emperor Sigismund, and with the avowed purpose of answering the charges of his enemies, and proving that he had said and written nothing against the Catholic faith. He often boasted, even before the council, that he had come to Constance of his own free will; and that had he chosen to remain in Bohemia, his powerful partisans there could have concealed and protected him, even against the king of Bohemia, and his more powerful brother, the emperor Sigismund himself.* Before his departure from Prague,

"In a paper affixed to the gates of the palace, he announced that he was about to depart, in order to justify himself before the council. 'So that,' said he, 'if any one suspects me of heresy, let him proceed thither and prove, in presence of the pope and the doctors, if I ever entertained or taught any false or mistaken doctrine. If any man can convict me of having inculcated any doctrine contrary to the Christian faith, *I will consent to undergo all the penalty to which heretics are liable*,' "† &c.

2d. After he had arrived at Constance, he had *three different hearings* from the council; and the investigation into his doctrines and writings was full, lengthy, and detailed. Though the weighty affair of the schism, and much other most perplexing business, pressed heavily on the council, yet the assembled fathers consented to go into a minute and patient examination of his doctrines, article by article, and to hear his answer to each of the charges preferred against him. Nothing could be fairer, or more in conformity with law and usage, than the whole order of the proceedings. His books were first produced, and he was asked whether, and was made to acknowledge that, they contained his genuine writings. Then his accusers, among whom the principal were his countrymen, Stephen Paletz and Michael Causis, stood forth in open court, and uttered their charges distinctly against him; and many witnesses were summoned to corroborate their testimony. John Huss had the privilege of answering all the accusations separately; and, though there seems to have been, once or twice, some murmuring in the assembly, owing to the exciting nature of the inquiry, yet the whole trial was generally conducted with calmness and with temper.*

3d. When John Huss denied the truth of most of the articles alleged against him, and maintained that he had never taught the doctrines with which he stood charged, the accusations were made good by a regular course of testimony—by the oath of men who had heard him preach in Prague and Bohemia, some of whom had been his intimate friends,† and all of whom were men of integrity and above suspicion. After this formidable array of evidence, the Cardinal of Florence, Gabarella, might well address Huss, as follows:

"Master John Huss, you must know that it is written that what is in the mouth of two or three witnesses must be considered a veritable testimony. Now here are *twenty* persons worthy of confidence, who declare that you have preached this doctrine which is imputed to you. The greater number of them adduce, in support of their assertions, unanswerable proofs:—is it possible that you defend yourself against them all?"‡

4th. It was in vain that John Huss appealed to his God and to his conscience against all this testimony; such an appeal would have been received against *such* evidence in no court of justice; it was a question of *fact*, and not of mere conscience; and the cardinal could well answer: "we can not decide after your conscience, but on clear and well established evidence."§ Besides, his chief accusers, Paletz

* See M. Bonnechose, p. 92.
† Ibid, p. 49. See also p. 57.

* All this is admitted by M. Bonnechose, p. 89 seqq. For the excitement in the council, which he certainly greatly exaggerates, we have little more evidence than his bare word.

† As, for instance, Paletz. ‡ Ibid p. 91. § Id. p. 91.

and Causis, also appealed to their God and their conscience, in proof of their sincerity, and of the truth of their charges.

"Paletz then again rose up and cried out: 'I call God to witness, in presence of the emperor and the sacred council, that I have said nothing here through hatred to John Huss, nor through any malevolent feeling, and that I have not set myself up as the adversary of so many errors, but through zeal for the Catholic church.' Michael Causis repeated the same oath." *

In view of all these unquestionable facts, it must be admitted that John Huss had a fair trial, and that, if he was convicted, it was solely by the force of evidence. He had appeared voluntarily before the council; he was a priest of the Catholic church, and, therefore, was fairly amenable to her authority; he maintained that he was still a true Catholic, and that he had said no word, written no sentence, done no deed, against the Catholic faith; he challenged an investigation, and declared that he was willing to abide its result; it was a question of *fact* to be decided by evidence; evidence, strong and overwhelming, was produced; he answered it by an appeal to his conscience; the appeal was not legitimate and could not be admitted; he was convicted of erroneous doctrines under all these circumstances:—and where is the man, we would ask, not wholly blinded by prejudice, who will still say that he was not lawfully convicted, or that he had not a fair trial?

V. But we must pass on to the next inquiry: did the council of Constance treat John Huss with wanton cruelty?

We answer, without hesitation, in the negative; and we think we can sustain our answer by *facts*, much stronger than the mere declamation of those who, for the last four centuries, have been in the habit of constantly reiterating this charge. Nor will it require much time or space to produce our reasons for the opinion.

As we have already sufficiently proved, neither the church nor especially the council of Constance enacted the law by which heretics were punished with death. It had been enacted two centuries before by the German emperors; and they alone—and not the council of Constance—were fairly responsible for it and for its results. It was the emperor Sigismund* and the elector Palatine, and not the fathers of the council of Constance, who passed sentence of death on Huss. It was the magistrates of Constance, acting under the direction of the two high functionaries just named, who presided at his execution. After having convicted him of heresy and excommunicated and degraded him from his priestly office, the council *expressly* declared that it had no power to proceed any farther against him.† According to a fixed and standing law of the Catholic church—a law embodied as an adage‡ in the canon law itself, and strict and universal in its application—the council *could* proceed no farther.

Before the council pronounced judgment on the doctrines of Huss, the emperor Sigismund had already declared to him, in presence of the council, that, by a standing law of the empire, heresy was punishable with death; and he had added, that unless Huss would retract his errors, he would, with his own hands, be ready to light up the fire which would consume him.§ Huss himself, as we have seen, was well aware of this law, openly admitted its justice before the council itself, and in the placards he had put up in Prague and on his journey to Constance, had declared his readiness to submit to its hard penalty, in case he should be convicted of error.‖

Had the council thirsted for the blood of Huss, would it not have been eager to exact the punishment ordained by the imperial laws? Would it not have clamored for his execution? The acts of the council, however, state nothing of the kind; but they do state, and M. Bonnechose himself admits the fact, that the council did every thing in its power to rescue Huss from death, by laboring to persuade him to make at least a modified retractation of his errors. No effort was spared to bring about this result; the only means, then known to the laws, by which he could be saved. Formulary after formulary of retractation was submitted to him; embassy after embassy was sent: cardinals,

* P. 96.

* Fiddes and Dr. Brown Willis, English Protestants, both candidly admit that if there was any blame in the matter, it attached, in all fairness, to the emperor alone. See Life of Card'l Wolsey, p. 137. L'Enfant also admits it, though a Calvinist, Hist. Conc. Const. L. iii, § 48.

† See Acts of the Council, Sess. xv.

‡ *Ecclesia abhorret a sanguine.* No clergyman was allowed to shed blood, even as a surgeon, much less to pronounce directly or indirectly, sentence of death on any one.

§ L'Enfant, *loco citato*, §8.

‖ In addition to the authorities already quoted, (*supra*) see L'Enfant Liv. i, § 21, and L. iii, § 7.

bishops, his own chief accuser Paletz, the emperor himself, with tears in their eyes, urged and entreated Huss to retract. But arguments, entreaties, tears, were all lost on the obstinate and immovable Bohemian. Huss was inflexible. He could have escaped death; but he rushed into its jaws!*

Nor let us be told that Huss could not retract without sacrificing his conscience. He may have been conscientious: but, from what we have seen of his character, there seems to have been more of false pride and of sheer obstinacy, than of conscience, in the whole matter. He had already in open council, disavowed nearly all the errors imputed to him; he had condemned the most obnoxious principles of Wickliffe; he had sought to prove himself a thorough and an obedient Catholic. He had declared, over and over again, that he had never taught the doctrines ascribed to him, as he said, through sheer malice and calumny; and yet he would not retract them! And he based his refusal on the argument, that if he did retract them, his enemies would say that he had taught them! The emperor Sigismund answered this quibble, as follows:

"What can you fear in abjuring all these articles? For my part, I have no hesitation in disavowing all kinds of errors; but does it follow that I have entertained them?"†

The emperor himself, after all other means had failed, sent a commission of four bishops, with some of the principal friends of Huss, to persuade him to submit. Huss wished to argue with them; not to submit quietly to the decision of the council. "Do you, then," said one of the bishops, "believe yourself wiser than the whole council?"‡ Huss evaded this searching question by an appeal to the Scriptures and to his conscience, and by a professed willingness to be taught "in the divine word by the least person in the council!"§ Here, then, was the real issue:—private judgment against church authority. This was the real secret of his obstinacy. And this secret pride and self-will were encouraged by John de Chlum and his other partisans at Constance.‖

Had the principles of Huss been merely speculative and harmless; had they not struck at the foundations of all social order; had they not already produced their legitimate effects of seditions and bloodshed in Bohemia; we think that, notwithstanding his obstinacy, he might yet have been spared. At least, in that supposition, we would feel much more strongly inclined to sympathize with him. But with all these unquestionable facts in view, we can not, at least, coincide with those who would fain exalt him to the rank of a saint and a martyr.

VI. But the most weighty charge against the council of Constance remains yet to be examined: did the council act perfidiously towards John Huss?

That the council decoyed John Huss to Constance under the faith and protection of a safe conduct; that it then decreed his death in spite of that plighted faith; and that, to sustain this its perfidious course, it openly sanctioned the principle that "*no faith is to be kept with heretics,*" are charges so often made by prejudiced and ignorant writers, and so often and so triumphantly refuted from the history and acts of the council itself, that we are much pleased to find so prejudiced a writer as M. Bonnechose abandon them altogether.* This is some evidence that truth and good sense are beginning at length to resume their sway in the world. This implied admission will release us from the necessity of going into lengthy details on this branch of the subject. But as our author implies, in more places than one, that the emperor Sigismund violated the safe conduct which he had given to John Huss; as he garbles the safe conduct itself, and as he omits many important facts, and misstates others, we may be pardoned for furnishing a brief exposition of the whole case.

First, then, it is altogether certain that the council of Constance *never gave* a safe conduct to John Huss at all, and, therefore, that it could not, by possibility, have violated any faith plighted to him. This fact no one will or can deny.

2. It gave, indeed, a safe conduct to Jerome of Prague; but that instrument merely guaranteed to him protection in coming to Constance, and in defending his doctrine while there; but

* See, for proof of all this, Bonnechose, pp. 95, 97, 98, 99. † Ibid. p. 95. ‡ Ibid, p. 99. § Ibid.

‖ Much has been said and written about the imprisonment of Huss, and the cruelties inflicted on him in prison. But was he not permitted to correspond with his friends, and even to write whole treatises in prison? And did not he himself thank his keepers for their humanity and good treatment? (See Bonnechose, p. 104.)

* At least, if M. Bonnechose says expressly any thing of the kind, it has entirely escaped our notice. The only hint on the subject we have observed is found on p. 61, and that is not entirely clear or explicit.

it expressly stipulated that this protection was not meant to prevent his conviction, if guilty, or to frustrate the due course of law.* Besides, M. Bonnechose admits that this safe conduct did not reach Jerome before his arrest by the civil officers in the Black Forest, while he was flying from Constance; and that, by a necessary inference, he could not properly claim the privileges which it granted.† Thus it is apparent that there *could have been* no breach of faith on the part of the council in regard either to Huss or to Jerome.

3. The safe conduct granted to John Huss by the Emperor Sigismund was evidently a mere *travelling passport*, intended to protect him from indignity, detention, and outrage, on his journey from Bohemia to Constance, but not, by any means, to protect him from the due course of law. Huss never solicited nor even expected any such exemption, and the emperor could never have have meant to grant it. With an imperial document guarantying so wide a protection as this, what was the use of Huss' journey to Constance? What was the meaning of his boast, made at Prague and on the journey, that he went to Constance of his own accord to defend himself against the charge of heresy, or to abide its penalty? There would have been no object whatever in his visit, and the whole affair would have been a solemn mockery and a ridiculous farce! Does a passport given now-a-days secure the bearer from *legal* prosecution and conviction? Or was a passport ever known, in the whole history of the world, to grant this species of exemption? If not, then why extort this absurd meaning from that granted by Sigismund to John Huss? The clause—"to return," &c., was evidently a mere form usual in similar instruments, and the whole document, with all its details and legal forms, marks it as a mere passport. Huss had many violent enemies in Germany, which he was compelled to traverse on his way to Constance; the German students whom he had caused to be expelled from Prague, bore him a mortal grudge, and it was to secure his person from these enemies, and to facilitate his journey, that the safe conduct was given.‡ It could have had no other object.

4. The emperor himself gave precisely this explanation of the meaning attached by him to the safe conduct, in a public address delivered before the council of Constance, in the presence of Huss and his friends, and his explanation was acquiesced in by them; at least they said naught against it!*

5. But whatever protection was intended to be granted by the imperial safe conduct, Huss forfeited all claims to it by officiating openly at Constance, though under papal excommunication,† and especially by his attempted flight from the city. Of this last fact, though it was the immediate cause of the imprisonment of Huss,‡ M. Bonnechose says not a word! Yet it is attested by Ulrich Reichental, a citizen of Constance, and an eye-witness!§ Why omit so important a fact?‖

Thus, then, it is manifest from the clearest and most incontestable evidence that neither the council of Constance nor the Emperor Sigismund acted with bad faith towards either John Huss or his disciple, Jerome of Prague. All these facts just alleged must be blotted from the pages of history before any such conclusion can be reached.¶

* M. Bonnechose admits this, though he ascribes unworthy motives to the council. The modifying clause was *salva justitia*, p. 73. †Ibid.

‡ See the safe conduct as given *entire* from the original documents, by *Natalis Alexander*—Historia Ecclesiastica, vol. ix, p. 407, edit. Venet. 1778, in 10 vols. folio. The mere reading of the document proves it to have been nothing more nor less than a simple passport.

* M. Bonnechose admits this, and gives the emperor's address, pp. 92, 93.

† See the acts of the council, sess. 10.

‡ The letters of Huss to his friends, and M. Bonnechose's own admission, establish the fact that, for more than twenty-six days, Huss was entirely free and unrestrained at Constance (ib. p. 56.)

§ In his history of the council, written in German, and quoted by Cochlœus—Histor. Hussitarum, lib. ii, pp. 73, 74, Reichental gives all the details of the attempted flight of Huss, and of his arrest by Latzembock, a Bohemian nobleman to whose charge he had been entrusted by the emperor.

‖ In the text M. Bonnechose says not a syllable about this attempted flight of Huss. But in note H., at the end of the volume (p. 189), he admits that not only Reichental but another eye-witness, Gebhard Ducher, certifies the fact. Nay, more, he furnishes a lengthy extract from the sixth book of L'Enfant's (Calvinist) history of the council of Constance in which this unexceptionable historian relates the whole occurrence in full. He also admits that Naucler and the Abbe Tritheme, who wrote about a century after the council, relate the fact as *certain*, and that John Cochlœus, Maimbourg, Varillas, and "*all* the modern authors" mention it. Yet he will not admit its authenticity, because, forsooth, certain other authors, favorites of his, did not think proper to relate it, and because no mention of it is made in the acts of the council! This preferring of negative to positive evidence would, if carried out, sap the foundations of all history.

¶ Much is said about the patience and heroism with which Huss and Jerome met death. But even were we to admit all that their partisans have written on the subject, it would not prove them to have been either saints or martyrs. Sincere enthusiasts they might have been, but martyrs they certainly were not. The an-

And the decree of the council, sanctioned in the 17th session, merely explained this safe conduct given to John Huss by the emperor in the very sense in which Sigismund had already explained it, viz: that it was not intended to prevent the legal examination and conviction of Huss by the council, but merely to insure him protection against *illegal* violence and outrage on his journey. To put any other construction upon it is to offer violence to the plainest language. It merely asserts, what every one admits, that a travelling passport is not intended to stop the ordinary course of law nor to protect the guilty, and that he who has granted it is not responsible for the action of law against the individual in whose favor it is granted. The decree was probably made to quiet the clamors of some Bohemian partisans of Huss after his arrest and imprisonment by order of the emperor.*

We will conclude this paper by a very rapid sketch of what took place in Bohemia after the death of John Huss and Jerome of Prague. The terrible events which ensued there, and filled all Bohemia with confusion, sacrilege, and bloodshed, for nearly half a century, furnish the best possible commentary on the life and doctrines of Huss. They were but the bitter fruits of that tree of disobedience which *he* had planted in once peaceful and happy Bohemia! "By their fruits ye shall know them," said our blessed Lord, and we are going to apply this divine rule.

The mantle of Huss fell on the shoulders of Ziska, his friend, his disciple, his avenger, near whose tomb was engraved this inscription: "O Huss! here reposes John Ziska, thy avenger, and the emperor himself has quailed before him!"* Perhaps of all the dark deeds recorded in the annals of mankind, those done in Bohemia, at this period, were the darkest, and of all the dark names on the pages of history, that of Ziska is the darkest!!

During his lifetime, and for half a century after his death, his very name made all Europe shudder with horror. Whithersoever he bent his course he rioted amidst carnage and ruins. He combined the cruelty of Attila with the fanaticism of Cromwell. His fanatical followers had the fierce ruthlessness of the Huns blended with, but not softened by, the stern religious enthusiasm of the Roundheads. During the few years that this truculent monster headed the armies of the Hussites—from the death of Huss in 1415 to his own death on the 11th of October, 1424,—Bohemia was changed from a blooming garden into a frightful and frowning wilderness. Let us hear even our very partial historian, M. Bonnechose, on this subject.

"Bohemia, from one extremity to the other, soon became one vast field of carnage; everywhere conflagrations displayed to view dreadful massacres; wo to the towns, castles, and, above all, the monasteries that closed their gates—all passed by the edge of the sword. The sight of a monk or a priest filled Ziska with a gloomy rage. . . . He smote, burned, and exterminated, coldly glutting his vengeance in the shock of combatants, the gleam of flames, the shrieks of victims, '*punishing*,' as Balbinus expresses it, '*one sacrilege by a thousand!*' Bohemia, Germany, and Europe were soon filled with the name of this terrible man. Wenceslaus awoke from his shameful slumber at the noise of his falling palaces, of his churches in ashes, of his senate massacred; he started up in a frightful fit of passion, which was injurious to himself alone, for his fury suffocated him."†

The followers of "this terrible man" were called Taborites; "their enemies were the Philistines, the Moabites, the Ammonites: Sigismund was the red horse of the Apocalypse: Bohemia was the land of promise. The mountains adjoining Prague received the Biblical name of Horeb: their fierce inhabitants descended from them at the call of Ziska, and hurried to his standard," ‡ and their leader called himself "Ziska of the cup."

cient martyrs were patient, humble, *obedient to the church*, and they died to seal with their blood the religion of Jesus Christ. Huss and Jerome died as the founders and partisans of a truculent sect, the doctrines of which were subversive of all social order, and the acts of which filled all Bohemia with sedition, riots, sacrilege, and bloodshed, as we shall soon see more in detail.

*See the decree in the acts of the council, sess. 17. So far, in fact, was the council from approving the abominable maxim, "faith is not to be kept with heretics," or of sanctioning perjury in any form or shape, that, among the questions which it drew up, after the election of Martin V, to be put to those suspected of heresy, there was one in which the suspected person was to be asked whether he believed that, under any circumstances, or for any reason whatever, it was allowable for him to falsify the truth, or to perjure himself. The motive for adopting this form of interrogation was the charge often made against the Hussites, that they would not scruple to commit perjury in order to conceal or defend their doctrines. If this charge was true, and there is strong evidence to sustain it, it appears that, as has often happened both before and since, the Catholic church was *accused* of the very maxims and crimes of which her adversaries were *guilty!*

*Bonnechose, p. 165. †Ib. p. 158.
‡Ib. p. 160.

Already blind of one eye, he was deprived of the other by the wound of an arrow at the siege of Raby.

"But in becoming blind he became still more terrible—his wound was a fresh stimulus to his rage as to his genius, and revealed in him faculties really almost incredible. His memory of localities was prodigious: it was quite sufficient for him to have once passed through a country to remain for ever perfect master of all its slightest incidents. Bohemia, with her waters, woods, valleys, and plains, was now as present to his thonghts as the reality had ever been to his sight. A spirit of fire in a body of iron, his activity knew no fatigue, and became exasperated at rest. 'All seasons and weather are unlike to this blind man,' his soldiers used to mutter, 'he goes by night as by day.' Wherever there was a monastery to burn, or a town to take, or an army to combat, he hurried to the spot, and was soon accomplishing the deed of blood, with a superhuman force, as if urged to the work by an exterminating God."*

Such was Ziska "of the cup," the successor of John Huss, and the very impersonation of Hussism. He never knew defeat; he conquered in eleven pitched battles. He often raged against his own followers with as much cruelty as against his enemies. He bequeathed his fiendish spirit to the two Procopiuses, who succeeded him as leaders of the Hussites; and to animate their courage, and to keep up the fierce and sanguinary spirit of their followers, he bequeathed to them also a martial instrument of music, such as never was heard of either before or since!

"He expired (of the plague) on Oct. 11, 1424, ordering his soldiers *to abandon his body to birds of prey, and to have his skin made into a drum, the mere noise of which would cast terror into his enemies.*"*

Such were, then, the fruits of the doctrines and of the obstinacy of John Huss! For it was certainly more owing to the truculent character and tendency of those doctrines, than to any mere revenge of his death, that Bohemia was filled with all those atrocities. Such was the dark and bloody monument which Bohemia erected to his memory! So much mischief can one bad man do in the world!!

* Ib. p. 161.

* Ib. p. 164.

THEOLOGY "OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES AND SUCKLINGS."

The Church Visible in all Ages. By Charlotte Elizabeth. New York, 1845. *John S. Taylor & Co.*

THIS is a precious volume, as our readers shall presently see. It is an edifying, and in some degree successful attempt to build a theological baby-house—to do the department of divinity, in a general course of nursery science. Were this all, however, we should permit "Charlotte Elizabeth" to pass scot-free. The infant school might enjoy its text-book, without our let or hindrance. But the authoress (or author, as the case may be,) has chosen to dress intolerance in swaddling clothes—to make the innocent prattling of childhood a vehicle of uncharitableness, ignorance and untruth. While, therefore, we feel no disposition, as we see no necessity, to enter into a controversy with her, upon the matters of which she treats, we deem it very proper to let our readers see what those matters are, and how they are, in effect, treated, in a work which is bepraised by the Protestant periodicals, and held up as greatly worthy of perusal and circulation. Every day, we are greeted by some new demonstration of the horrors and bigotry of popery or Romanism—its intolerance *et hoc genus omne.* It may serve some good purpose to show, now and then, how daintily our "reformed" brethren tread the "primrose path of dalliance" themselves, while they show us "the steep and thorny way" of good will and Christian charity. The book before us is an excellent one for our purpose. It is about as good as the best, and as bad as the worst of its kind. We do not know the name or nation of its writer, or his or her quality or titles. "Charlotte Elizabeth" may, for aught we know, be an Exeter hall saint or a low-church bishop—a member

of the society for the suppression of popery, or a female missionary from a Methodist propaganda. We can speak of her work, therefore, in all candor, without any personality. If w are at all uncivil, it will be understood that we are so altogether in the abstract.

"The church visible in all ages" is a domestic drama, the interlocutors whereof are a certain Mrs. Willis and her amiable and interesting family. The lady herself is the chief performer, as well as the chorus of the play. Her son Robert, "who has kept a term at college," is the quasi Catholic, or perhaps the church of England bowling-pin of the dramatis personæ, setting himself up to be knocked down by the rest of the characters. Frank—the next son—as he rejoices in a "well-worn Bible," is, of course an infant phenomenon of very singular merit. Thomas has no function to perform, but that of echo to his "mamma's" homilies. The youngest and most surprising—the Ninetta Crummles of the Willis family—is little Fanny, who keeps "a little Bible," a "precious Bible," which ever and anon she "wraps in her pinafore," inquiring of mamma whether she is "coming to the stories soon." Upon a diligent search through the volume, we have found nothing which indicates any participation of the nurses in the discussion, and we must, therefore, suppose that they were too busily engaged in ministering to the substantial comforts of the little brood of "angelic doctors," to take part, as they ought to have done, in satisfying their spiritual cravings. We make this observation—because, as Lafontaine says in the prologue to his fables:

"Tout parle en mon ouvrage, et meme les poissons,"

so it is the theory of these "Charlotte Elizabeth" people generally, that every body must preach—though in reality they be no fitter for it, than the poet's fish for imaginative conversation.

In chapters first and second, our mother of the Gracchi gives her idea of what a visible church was intended to be. Each one of the children is made to take up his or her Bible and put "the leaves in motion," to find texts of Scripture for mamma's discoursings. Our readers will readily understand the conclusions at which the family arrive, when we tell them that, by what seems to us a modest begging of the question, "heretics" are defined, in the very outset and *a priori*, to be "people who held to their Bibles and worshipped God according to his own word." This sanctification of all heresies—Manichæism included, of course—will enable them to appreciate the conglomeration of passages, with which the scriptural examination winds up as usual, and in which "Babylon the Great" is depicted, as "the mother of harlots," sitting, according to custom, upon "a scarlet colored beast," with the apocalyptic complement of heads and horns—and she—the harlot—"having a golden cup in her hand, full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication."* Now all this, for aught we know, may be as demonstrative as it is intended to be, of the fact that the Catholic church was not meant to be the visible church, and never was. It may, moreover, be the very sort of teaching most proper for a mother to address to her own children and those of her neighbors—the most likely to impress their tender minds with a due sense of the beauty of holiness and the purity of religion. Yet, so far as we are able dimly to see into the matter, we may venture to suggest, that if the younger portion of Mrs. Willis' family were fully aware of the meaning of the phrases, which she culled for them from Scripture, as the foundation of their idea of the church visible, she had strangely neglected, previously, both their morals and conversation, and could only atone therefor, to them and to society, by sending them, well-whipped and supperless, to bed. If they were ignorant, as haply they were, of these things we speak of, it surely but ill became a Christian mother to pour the contamination of such knowledge into their infant ears—linking with it, as it were to be debased, what she preached to them as truth, and what she painted as Christianity.

* We have before us a pamphlet, which, on the same topic, we think out-Charlotte-Elizabeths Charlotte Elizabeth. It is an address by Rev. Thomas Castleton, before Cayuga Academy, at Aurora, N. York, delivered August, 1843, and "published by request." At page 19, the Rev. Thomas speaks thus of the pope: "We must be stopped and gagged on the high-way of eternity by this Italian 'Typhon:' we must be shrouded with a pall of palpable darkness, and *then he will demand our bodies at his altar, to make a bloated carcass, astride of which he will chase the world back into the dark ages!*" Alas! alas! we have heard many hard things of popery before, but we think this papal equitation—this world-hunt astride of a carcass, is the greatest of all "difficulties of Romanism" that we have ever met! Verily, between the apocalypse as perverted, and transcendentalism as it is—the "Typhon" has a sad time of it! It is some consolation, however, to know that there are straight-jackets in the world yet. We trust to them, to set these things right.

We must do Mrs. Willis, however, the justice to let our readers see some of her less apocalyptic argumentation, in her own language. Robert *loquitur*, p. 6.

"'You may shake your head, Frank, as much as you please; but either you must own that there has always been a visible Catholic church, acknowledged as such by all the nations of Christendom; or else you must admit that the Catholic church, in which these nations professed to believe, did not exist; or, at least, it was a thing that no body ever saw, or heard of, or knew a word about, for hundreds of years together.'

"'You are wrong, Robert, very wrong,' said his mother. 'There has always been a church—a true, witnessing, apostolic church—holding the faith, teaching the doctrines of salvation, taught and led by the Holy Spirit, supported by the arm of an ever-present Saviour; Catholic in its character, evermore assailed by the gates of hell, yet never extinguished, never overthrown, never shaken from its sure foundation. This is the church that real believers in all ages have acknowledged, and to which they have belonged.'

"'Then, mamma, I will ask you one question; where was the visibility of this church during the eight hundred years spoken of in the homily? How do you trace it?'

"'By the stain of its martyrs' blood; by the light of its martyrs' fires,' answered Mrs. Willis; while Frank clasped his hands, exclaiming, '*Ah! that is just what I thought, though I could not express my meaning clearly.*'"

This of course introduces the Albigenses, Waldenses, Wickliffites, Hussites, &c., and Mrs. Willis proceeds to indicate both the magnitude of the subject and the peculiar mode in which she means to illustrate it.

"'My dear children,' said Mrs. Willis, 'there can scarcely be a more important subject than this, or a more interesting one. In examining it, *I shall have to tell you some beautiful stories*, which the youngest of you will easily understand.'"

Naturally, then, she inquires whether they know what she is talking about. She gets, among other pieces of information, the following reply:

"'I don't *exactly know* what is a visible church,' said Fanny, 'unless it is like our parish church, which is made of stone—but this church is made of men, and women and children, is it not?'

"'Yes,' answered Robert. 'Suppose you walked out on a fine star-light night; you would see the heavenly bodies shining wherever you turned your eyes, giving light, and proclaiming the glory of God. Such is the visible church.'

"'But if the clouds were there, I should not see them, Robert; and then there would be no visible church.'

"'Unless you called the clouds the visible church,' said Frank, 'because they thrust themselves in the place of the stars, and kept them out of sight.'

"'No, no, brother, I should know better; I should watch for the clouds to part, and then I should see a bright little star here, and another there, and perhaps half a dozen at a time, or a whole constellation; and that would be a visible church till the clouds went quite away, and let them all shine out.'

"'*Oh you little darling thing!*' cried Frank; but Fanny, not aware of having described just his own idea, went on, '*Please, mamma, let me hear the stories, and then I shall be better able to know* what it all means. I will be very attentive.'"

Now it might have occurred to Mrs. Willis—though to her children it was natural enough to be run away with by a metaphor—that although the manifold stars which gild the heavens, make up one starry whole—yet of a cloudy night it could hardly, sensibly, be said that we had glimpses of *the same thing*, when at one moment it was Orion with his sword—at another the twinkling Pleiades—now the Bear and then the "watery Bootes," which came down to us through the opening of the darkness. A church, if it be any thing, is one thing—if visible, always the same when seen—and the red light of the fierce planet Mars is no more identical with the pale rays of Hesperus, than are, with one another,

> "The twice two hundred churches
> And synagogues"

visible in all ages, from the days of semi-Christianized Platonism, down to these times of half-Platonized Christianity. Wisely, however, our good lady instructress slurs over her rhetoric, with the advice that her children must "not only listen, but pray"—that she, even she, knows nothing, of herself, and that "whatever man teaches her, she must bring to the blessed Bible, to examine and compare it with what God has spoken." With this prelude she sets her family to work, as we have before said, with their holy volumes, and the result is just what might have been expected, from giving, to the reason of a pragmatical old lady and her puling children, that infallibility which is denied, in the same breath, to the church Catholic. Before another chapter is out, the "pretty chickens and their dam," naturally enough, are fluttering, impaled on the horns of the scarlet beast of the Apocalypse!

Chapter III is devoted to the consideration of "an apostolic church." We spare the logic which demonstrates, in two chapters, that the Catholic church was not intended to be "the visible church"—and then proves in a third, with equal cogency, that it has apostatized from what it never was intended to be, and, of course, never was. Let us follow the thread of the argument. It opens in proper style.

"'Before you go on to tell us any histories, mamma,' said Thomas, 'will you just *explain to me* what are the great points that popery holds, and *from which we differ?* I mean, *those things that Protestants have been put to death for disbelieving.*'"

The reader will observe here, in passing, the highly intelligent style in which our friend Mrs. Willis seems to have trained up the minds of her offspring to religious thinking. Here we have a most polemical young gentleman—one who bandies texts in the most lively and entertaining manner—who has already gone through two chapters, in which popery has been most terribly and vindictively handled by himself, as well as the rest—inquiring with all gravity what are the points in which "we differ" from popery! He has been taught that the whole duty of man and the whole essence of piety consist in "differing" with something—of which, except a few hard names, he knows nothing! We would that this picture, involuntarily drawn, were not too accurate a representation of what is every day called religious instruction. The seeds of hatred and uncharitableness are the first that it is deemed proper and devout to sow, and when the youthful heart has had its warm, kind impulses turned to coldness and to bitterness—when the lesson of denunciation has been learned, and the eye has been taught to look for the errors of others, rather than to seek within the bosom for the weaknesses and sinfulness of self—it is then thought that it is time enough to let the mind investigate, with all this fearful bias, what every prejudice and passion have already taken into their unholy keeping.

The answer of Mrs. Willis is reasonably comprehensive:

"'Protestants, my dear, differ from the Romish church, *just in those points where the Romish church differs from Scripture.*'"

One would think that such a general summing up might supersede the necessity of details. Yet there follows "a creed of doctrine" on the subject of "transubstantiation," which is worth quoting.

"'Oh, mamma, who could believe it? But how can the priest change the shape of the little cake into that of a man.'

"'The cake, or wafer, is not changed, either in shape, size, color, taste, smell, or touch. It remains the same in all respects, as far as the senses can judge; and, moreover, if it is kept long, even after this supposed change to the body of our adorable Lord, it will breed worms, become putrid, and perish.'

"'You need say no more, mamma,' said Thomas, *his face red with emotion; 'I would go into the fire any day, sooner than believe such horrid blasphemy of my Lord and Saviour.'*

"'And it is contrary to God's direct word too,' added Frank, 'for the 16th psalm says, 'Neither *shalt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.*' And St. Peter, in the second chapter of the Acts, declares that it was spoken of Christ. Indeed, I *don't think any body can really believe such a* monstrous thing, mamma.'

"'They fall down and worship it as God,' replied Mrs. Willis.'

"'Fall down and worship it!' cried the children in amazement.

"'Yes, my dears; and it was for refusing to do so, that our blessed martyrs suffered a cruel death by fire.'

"'What is the difference,' said little Fanny, 'between *king Nebuchadnezzer with his golden image and his fiery furnace, and the pope of Rome with his wafer and faggots?*'

"She replied, 'There is this difference, that Nebuchadnezzer was a heathen, and did it openly against God; while the Romish church calls itself Christian, and in the name of Christ gives over to bodily death, and eternal suffering, all who will not acknowledge a piece of bread to be Christ, and worship it.'

"'It gives me quite a painful feeling, mamma,' said Thomas, 'to hear such things. *How is it possible for any person with common sense to believe them?*'

"'Alas, my dear child! 'God hath sent them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie.' *They listen to the words of unrighteous men, sooner than the infallible truth of the holy Scriptures;* and the consequence is, that they will believe any thing, however contrary to reason itself.'

"'But surely the Bible must convince them of their error,' observed Frank.

"'It would, if they studied it: and that is another great point between us. Protestants make the Bible the rule of their faith; that is, they profess to believe what the Bible teaches them, neither more nor less: Romanists *are forbidden by their priests to study the Bible at al where the priests have power to do so, as in foreign lands, and Ireland.* Among us, you will find many of the church of Rome allowed to read it; but *then they are told it is at the peril of their souls, if they believe or understand any part*

of it contrary to what the church, that is, the priesthood, commands them.'

"'That is like setting a man to run a race with his legs tied,' observed Frank.

"'So it is,' said Robert. 'The church of Rome lays fetters on the mind and soul. In the days of Mary, it was thought a sufficient cause to put any person to a dreadful death, if he or she possessed even the New Testament in a language understood by the people.'

"No body answered this; the children seemed too much astonished to speak. Fanny, however, slipped off her chair, softly took her little Bible from another table, wrapped it in her pinafore, sat down again, with her treasure clasped close to her bosom.

"'Hold it fast, Fanny,' said her eldest brother; 'it is of far more value than your life.'

"'Now for our stories,' said Mrs. Willis."

And a most edifying collection it is of—"stories"—we suppose we must call them, though plain-spoken people might use a harsher word. The remainder of the chapter is devoted to commentaries on the adoration of the Virgin, who is called "dead woman," and also on the "worship" of guardian angels and the wood of the cross. The grand finale is a legend of miracles, at which we are told that "the younger children had been unable to refrain from laughing, *but Frank was very indignant.*"

It having been thus conclusively and satisfactorily proven that the Roman Catholic is an apostate church, Mrs. Willis proceeds to show where "the visible church" was during all the times of the other's apostacy. The four chapters which follow, and form nearly half the volume, are devoted to the evidences of what is called "a witnessing church"—such evidences being the faith and alleged persecutions of the Paulicians, Publicans, the Canons of Orleans, the Albigenses, and the Valdenses, together with what is styled the martyrdom of Alice Benden, in the days of "bloody Mary." To these "stories," which are told with all the fictions and exaggerations essential and descriptive, which a horror-loving, papist-hating fancy can invent and swell, the children are described, as listening, with open eyes and ears. Indeed "Charlotte Elizabeth's" volume needs only the wood-cuts,* to be a dangerous rival of the more ponderous attractions which delight in the "Book of Martyrs." Let us quote a few specimens of the effect which the raw-head and bloody bones of persecution appear to have produced upon the nerves of the orthodox family.

"'Oh, mother,' exclaimed Frank, 'what a day will that be when 'the earth shall disclose her blood, and shall no more cover her slain.'"

"Fanny closed her eyes, and with clasped hands and quivering lip, murmured, 'Save me from popery!'"—*P.* 144.

Mrs. Willis describes the burning of a "witness," with all the melo-dramatic accompaniment:

"'Here Fanny ran across, and, *still keeping her precious Bible within one little arm*, clasped the other round her mamma's neck, awaiting, with face buried on her shoulder, the rest of the affecting tale.'"—*P.* 115.

Mrs. Willis, warming with her subject, and highly delighted too at having so well pleased the children, proceeds, with infinite gusto, to describe, almost with chymical exactness, the process of combustion. The effect is triumphant—the tableau perfect.

"Little Fanny again hid her face on her mother's shoulder, and sobbed out, '*mamma, mamma, save me from popery!*'

"I can not, my love, any more than I can save you from *any other sin.*"—*P.* 122.

Mingled with these matters of romantic interest and picturesque narration, are a few pleasant scraps of learning and statements of fact, which we should do injustice to our readers not to transcribe for their improvement.

"'Popery is like every other description of wickedness; he who turneth away from it, and cometh to Christ for pardon, doeth that which is lawful and right, and shall save his soul alive.'"—*P.* 105.

"'It was him born after the flesh persecuting him that was born after the Spirit, as of old, my children,' said their mother; '*but the flesh when robed in the garb of popery becomes doubly hideous.*'"—*P.* 61.

* While on the subject of wood-cuts, we commend to the lovers of the piously-horrible and horriblypious, a specimen of religious illustration, "engraved expressly for the National Protestant Magazine," and purporting to represent the "first persecutions of the Waldenses in the valleys of Piedmont," which ornaments the May number of that most sanctified periodical. Any one who is anxious to see in how many impossible ways the burine of bigotry can depict the commission of murder, can have his most fanciful curiosity fully gratified by an inspection. Swords, pitch-forks, knives, ropes, hooks, spears and crucifixes are delineated, in a style so edifying that we have no doubt they were drawn from the originals in the possession of the reverend editor. We had thought that papists only, taught their "damnable doctrines" by pictures. If Protestantism is about to fight the enemy with his own weapons, we admire the truthfulness, ingenuity and beauty of this specimen of their early demonstrations. We need only add that the motto of the "National Protestant" is, "No peace with Rome."

"'They teach that the soul of a believer must, on quitting the body, go to a place of fiery torment, and remain there, perhaps for thousands of years, *unless the friends of the departed pay certain sums of money to the priests, to celebrate masses for the suffering soul. That is, to make a pretence of offering again the body of the Lord Jesus, in the form of a cake of bread, to appease the wrath of God.*'"—*P.* 161.

"'What does shriven mean, mamma?'

"'It is what they call the sacrament of penance, or auricular confession. In the Romish church, all persons are obliged to go at certain times to the priest, and there to declare to him every bad deed, word, and thought, of which they are guilty: *to answer fully every question he may put, about themselves, their families, and every thing of all kinds. If they conceal the smallest matter, they are told it is a deadly sin, and they must be lost everlastingly for committing it. If any one would not acknowledge this to be necessary to salvation, he was to be burned.*'"—*P.* 91.

Most particularly do we call the attention of the public to the enormity detailed in the following passage. The atrocity which is described is none the less horrible because of its recent discovery, nor because this is the first occasion on which it has been held up, justly, to the scorn and scoffing of an enlightened century and an indignant world!

"'You do not perhaps all know that *in a baptism according to the Romish ritual the priest spits in the child's mouth, commanding the evil spirit to come out of him, and using such absurd mummeries as no reader of the Bible would ever dream of.*'"—*P.* 148.

We especially commend this matter to the attention and investigation of the "Society for the suppression of popery." We should rejoice to see it handled with the zealous eloquence which such momentous subjects usually inspire in the truthful and enthusiastic champions of that so godly institution!

The tenth chapter winds up the book and popery together. It is made up chiefly of a dissertation on doctrine, wherein purgatory and masses for the dead—"selling the Lord for money"—idolatry, and all the ingredients for a witch's caldron which falsehood and intolerance can gather, are mingled by the Hecate of this pious melo-drama,

"For a charm of powerful trouble."

Master Robert, who has at last grown wise enough to talk of "the harlot's cup having run over with blood," concludes his part of the performance, by thanking his little brother for having persuaded him to search the Scriptures after "the example of the Bereans," and expresses his unalterable determination to be pope on his own account, and to judge for himself "where the Spirit of the Lord is." Mrs. Willis, being a lady, and bound, upon every principle of dramatic propriety and poetical justice, to have the last word, commends the determination of her first-born, adding, with a courtesy to the audience, "it is a safe rule, for by their fruits ye shall know them!"

Aye! and what shall we say of men or women whom we know by such fruits, as the volume over which we have carried the reader? Evil enough it is—one of the worst evils of the modern system of book-facture—that, even in matters of mere common moment, knowledge must be brought down, diluted, sugared, babified for children's comprehension, instead of being kept until the time when increased maturity, developed by wise teaching, shall have rendered the mind itself fit to encounter, in their fulness, the truths with which it is to grapple. Folly enough it is, that youth, with the diminutive mental stature which nature has wisely given it, should be held up in arms, or mounted upon stilts, that it may peep in at the windows of science, and be taught that it may safely trust its yet imperfect vision, as to all the wonders that it dimly sees. But, worse than evil, worse than folly must it be, in every judgment that is right, to submit the solemn problems of religion, with all its mysteries and all their awful import, to the arbitrament of minds unformed, not fit to deal with even the common, daily difficulties of this life. It can be nothing but the dreariest and most silly cant, to talk of giving the Bible to the interpretation of that reason, which would not be trusted by the man who sells the volume, to calculate the profit and loss upon his speculation. We look upon the men and women who give such cant a currency, as the worst enemies of religion and of truth—not merely the foes of Catholicism—but even of what they believe, and almost all men hold to be Christianity. Can the most fanatical of all the advocates of Bible propagandism—those who believe that to read it is religion, to quote it is grace, and to talk of it is perfection—can they, or any of them, think that children are wiser or better, from being set to hunting texts which they can not understand,

and expounding mysteries for themselves, which are sublime beyond the conception of the loftiest minds? Can any one be so perverse in mad absurdity, as to dream, for but a moment, that children have been taught what they should know of God and of his word, because their heads have been stuffed full of stale polemics, and because their memories have been burdened with the names of long exploded sects—Monothelites and Monophysites, Sabellians and Eutychians? Can there be any doubt that the legitimate result of such instruction is and must be, either the conceited ignorance which deems that its short line is at the bottom of the sea, or the worse folly, which, comprehending nothing, believes that there is nothing worth its comprehension? According to our humble notion, that Providence which gives increasing wisdom to increasing years, has, surely, for its object, that those thus gifted shall furnish, from their store, to those whose weak and undeveloped minds have need of strength above their own. If parents—if a Christian priesthood—have any duty worthy of the name, or any privilege which reason and authority may hallow, that duty and that privilege must surely be, to teach the ignorance, to guide the blindness, to prop the weakness of the young. Neither priest nor parent can stand excused before society, before high heaven, in handing religion over to the stray conclusions which a child can draw, in his weakness, his ignorance or his blindness, from the books of the Testaments and the conflicts of ecclesiastical history. Yet this, criminal as it would be, would still be but omission. What shall we say of writers such as those who have produced and lauded the "the church visible in all ages," who have meddled with childhood, but to pervert it—with its religion, but to corrupt it? When the Saviour of men, in his sublime simplicity, commanded that the little children should be brought to him, was it, shall we think, his will that they should come, as have the children who make up this story? Did he mean that they should be taught love of him, as synonymous with hatred of their neighbor? Did he mean that they should learn meekness, from judging others, humility, from contempt of others, good will, from denunciation of others? Were they to be instructed that the first principle of faith is to believe our neighbor's faith a lie—the first principle of piety, to dilate on our neighbor's iniquity—the first element of wisdom, a conviction of our neighbor's fatuity? Were their minds to be tortured by crazy mataphysics—their hearts to be polluted by malice—their tongues to be blistered by scoffing—before they could become an acceptable offering to Him whose mercy called them? Ill have we read the meaning of the Saviour's words if such that meaning be. It was to children, who were such in all that purity and innocence and warm affection which makes

"Heav'n lie about us in our infancy,"

that the message of his love was sent. And shall they who claim to know his high and holy word—who sing in the high-ways and cry aloud from the house-tops, that they thank God they are not like the Publicans of Rome, who keep the Gospel-pasture from the sheep of their fold—shall they, for their own purposes, so turn the young away from the uncorrupted simplicity of their fresh nature, to take part in all the hateful passions—the madness and the bickerings—that cry shame on hardened manhood? Shall they do this and call it religion and God's work? Out on such efforts and on those that make them! Soon enough shall time and sorrow and sad temptation becloud the sunshine of the young, and stain the whiteness of their raiment. Soon enough shall human frailty wear, from their weak hearts, the traces of a better nature. But let not the hands of those that should guide them to higher aims, conduct them, before their time, to the vale of contention and tears. Let not the lesson of love, which heaven has imprinted in their bosoms, be blotted out by the hands that should grave it deeper.

"It can not and it will not come to good."

KINDRED TIES.

How strong is the chain of affection that binds
  Together while on our sad pilgrimage here!
Where'er we may wander each object reminds us
  Of some absent loved one—some friend ever dear.
Though wide trackless forests, though mountains divide us,
  Though rivers and oceans between us may roll,
And, though the black midnight of distance may hide us,
  Those dear KINDRED TIES still unite us in soul!

How often in fancy those soft mellow voices
  That blessed us in infancy fall on the ear;
We woo the loved sound, and the spirit rejoices,
  Though but in a dream, that sweet music to hear!

Oh! whose heart has not thrilled in the stillness of night,
  When dreaming he gazed in his dear mother's face,
And who has not melted with tender delight,
  When folded he sank in her ardent embrace!
Who, who does not nurse in his bosom the flame
  Enkindled by memories of childhood and home!
Oh! is there a heart that throbs not at the name
  Of MOTHER, though doomed from her presence to roam?
Who does not recall, with emotions of pleasure,
  The smiles of a father, his fervent caress!
Such mem'ries are jewels—a rich, priceless treasure,
  And, oh! may they ever each kind bosom bless!

The heart may be crushed by the writhing of anguish,
  The phases of fortune be blighted and drear,
Yet, e'en in the dungeon, the victim will languish
  For those who in life's radiant morning were dear!
Through sunlight and darkness, through triumph and sorrow,
  This bright burnished chain will its lustre retain,
No sheen from prosperity e'er will it borrow,
  And still, 'mid the tempest, undimmed 'twill remain.
E'en death and the grave those ties can not sever;
  We look from the charnel's dark gloom to the skies,
Where faith, hope, and charity bind us for ever,
  And ne'er will be broken those dear KINDRED TIES.

S. R. T.

LOUISVILLE, KY., *May*, 20, 1845.

GEOLOGY CONFIRMING DIVINE REVELATION.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN A GEOLOGIST AND A STUDENT OF THEOLOGY.

TUDENT. I have called on you this morning, my dear sir, to trouble you, with your permission, to give me some general ideas respecting your favorite science—geology. My curiosity has been raised by the contradictory statements I hear: one friend tells me I can not even study it without becoming an infidel, while another one assures me he could not believe the Bible itself were it not so decisively supported by geological researches: now both can not be correct, and I would like to know which to believe.

Geologist. I am, indeed, delighted to see you, my dear sir, and will most gladly satisfy you to the best of my ability, and the more cheerfully because I hope not only to show you that the science is founded upon incontrovertible facts, but, furthermore, that it advocates nothing in opposition to that sacred book for which I know you have always had the greatest reverence.

S. Well, if you will do that, you will relieve my mind of much uneasiness, for I have seriously feared the claims of modern science might be urged to weaken our faith in the word of God.

G. So far from that, I beg you will rest assured that all the great truths of geology confirm the truth of the Mosaic narrative where they have any bearing on it, while in no case do the two conflict with each other.

S. Well, tell me, briefly, what has geology brought to light.

G. As briefly as I can I will:—the man of science, looking over the surface of the earth, notes the great inequalities it presents—its mountain chains and valleys, its plains, its oceans and their countless islands, and simply asks the question, how was this disposition of things brought about. He asks the question where there is no danger of being deceived by the reply, for he interrogates nature. The ravines and mountain gorges show the structure of the mountain chains, while natural and artificial excavations show what is beneath the level tracts. He finds a series of rocks more or less regularly reposing upon one another, and exhibiting, in whatsoever quarter of the world they are examined, very regularly the same character and the same order of superposition. Not that the same identical rocks are to be found all over the world, but the rocks of one country will be generally found in person or by their representatives in other countries. I speak now, not of every individual stratum, but of the great groups of rocks, recognised by their resemblance in mineral character, or, still better, by the identity or similarity of their fossils. And thus, as you can easily understand, he gets an intelligible view of the present structure of the earth.

S. It is, indeed, very satisfactory. How much of the four thousand miles that separate us from the centre of the globe has been so examined?

G. Oh! as to that, no very great distance, some six or eight miles, perhaps ten—that is of no great consequence. But to proceed. The lowest of all these rocks, those nearest the centre of the earth, are crystalline in structure, and entirely destitute of any remains of animal or vegetable life; they must have been deposited before animals or vegetables existed. On the top of these are other strata containing the remains of shell-fish which inhabited only deep seas: therefore, those must have been deposited at the bottom of a deep ocean. Then come other rocks containing the remains of amphibious animals, many of them huge monsters, showing that, during that stage in the history of the planet, dry land existed, or, at least, extensive swamps and marshes. Then higher up come deposits containing the remains of dry land animals; but these, as well as all that preceded them, specifically unlike any that now exist. These in turn were destroyed by the last grand revolution that preceded the creation of man.

S. Stop, stop, my good sir, you outstrip

my comprehension: the last grand revolution that preceded the creation of man—what do you mean by that? Were there any such grand revolutions and such extensive destructions of animal life before Adam was created?

G. Most unquestionably there were; no one can deny the destruction while the remains of the animals destroyed exist, and it must have occurred before Adam lived for the very reason that it could not have occurred after. Well these strata, many of them, filled with innumerable marine productions in a perfect state of preservation, exhibiting all their delicate processes and sharpest ridges, are found in elevations very far above the level of the present ocean, in both hemispheres, on every continent and every island of any size. Therefore, the sea must not only have once covered all this extent of surface, but it must have remained there in a state of tranquillity for a long time, "a circumstance necessary for the formation of deposits so extensive, so thick, in part, so solid, and containing exuviæ so perfectly preserved."

S. But, my dear sir, all this is going to require too long a time.

G. By no means; we have time enough at our disposal, a few thousand years or even millions, more or less, can make no difference. As we have no limit to fix the exact length of those six periods which Moses metaphorically calls days, and during which creative energy was operating upon the material world, we may suppose them to have been of any length we think necessary.

S. And this you call confirming the Mosaic account?

G. Certainly; did you not mark how beautifully the succession in the order of the creation of organized beings, as revealed by the researches of the geologist, corresponds with the narration of Moses? First came the marine shell-fish, the corals, and the so-called zoophites, then fish and amphibious animals, and, lastly, the more perfect dry land animals, exactly in the order given in the first chapter of Genesis. Recollect too the evidence that geology furnishes, that this earth really had a beginning, and that it has not existed from all eternity as some of the pagan philosophers supposed. Recollect too the evidences of the actual occurrence of a great deluge, as narrated by the sacred historian, and you will at once see how completely the Mosaic narrative, when properly understood, is supported by geology.

S. But have all geologists understood the Mosaic account as you do?

G. Why, no, I can not say that all have; there was Hutton, who asserted that the structure of the earth furnished him with no evidence that it ever had a beginning, no certainty that it would ever have an end: there is Lyell at the present day, who concludes, or rather leaves his readers to conclude for themselves, that it may or may not have had a beginning. And I am sorry to say—but the truth must be told—that a large majority of practical geologists now assert that there is no physical evidence of the universality of the deluge of Noah.

S. And what do you think of the deluge of Noah? was it universal or not?

G. In truth I can not admit that it was. It is not necessary to admit it, and the supposition of a partial deluge that destroyed all human beings on the face of the earth at that time excepting those in the ark, will best explain the present appearance of the surface of our planet. We have only to understand the account of the deluge as we do the first chapter of Genesis, metaphorically, and then all is plain enough. The deluge was intended for the punishment of man, the Almighty made no war upon brute beasts, and when man was destroyed the end was accomplished.

S. But do you not see that, according to this, the final conflagration of this world, which you and I both believe is to take place, should be nothing more than a spontaneous combustion of all the human beings then upon it; for why should the Almighty burn up the brute beasts? they never offended him. The truth is, unless you geologists are willing to adopt some rule for the interpretation of Scripture, you will never be able to agree among yourselves. Let me suggest for your consideration a rule that I have often found serviceable. It is briefly this: "the words of Scripture must be taken and explained in the proper and literal sense when nothing follows from them, so taken, either false, absurd, impossible, or contrary to the truth of faith or to good morals."

G. What others may say to your rule I know not; I never heard it before, but to me

it sounds reasonable enough, and I should think allows all the latitude that any geologist could desire.

S. Yet it may bring consequences that you do not now foresee; it calls upon you to admit the truth of the proper literal meaning of the words of Scripture, unless you can prove that such meaning involves something absolutely false or absurd or impossible: a mere hypothetical falsity or absurdity or impossibility will not authorize us to reject the literal meaning.

G. As for that, if you are alluding to the Mosaic account of the creation or of the deluge, as I suspect, I see no difficulty. To take those literally involves unequivocal absurdities and impossibilities.

S. May I ask you for some of the absurdities and impossibilities in the Mosaic account of the creation?

G. Can it be possible? Are you, indeed, so ignorant of the very rudiments of the science that you do not see what is so legibly written that he who runs may read it on every fossiliferous stratum over the whole earth? Those shells, those bones of fishes, of lizards, of quadrupeds, how came they there? Will you tell me the Almighty created them as we now find them, mere fragments of animal existences, or do you suppose that they were introduced into the solid rock after that was formed? You will surely admit that these suppositions are absurd?

S. Certainly, I think they are in the highest degree absurd.

G. You will not deny that these fossils are found, as I tell you, deep in the earth, imbedded in solid rocks?

S. Of course not; I can not deny their existence.

G. Then I will argue thus: these fossils must once have been living things; they must have lived and died while the rocks in which they are now imbedded were in progress of formation: from their perfect preservation, we say they must have lived and died where we find them, as they would have been broken or injured by transportation from any distance. Each fossiliferous stratum must have been deposited in succession, and each must have constituted the surface for the time being. And as the innumerable generations of animals whose remains we find could not have reached maturity in a day or a year or a century, therefore, each fossiliferous stratum must have required a long time for its deposition. And as man was not placed upon the earth until the rest of the creation was completed, and as the earth could not have been completed as we now find it until these fossiliferous strata had been deposited, therefore, I may be permitted to say, of necessity these strata must have been deposited before man was created, of necessity a very long time was required for their deposition, of necessity the Mosaic account of the creation must be taken metaphorically, since, by your own rule, the literal interpretation involves absurdities, and is, therefore, false and impossible. Is this conclusive?

S. Excuse me one moment, and let me ask if all this is clear and certain to your mind?

G. Most unquestionably it is.

S. Are you as certain that all these things happened at the time and in the order you name, as you are that the fossiliferous rocks exist?

G. To speak strictly, I can not be exactly as certain, because I have not the same evidence. I can see the rocks, and handle and examine them. But the other is certain too.

S. If I understand you correctly, then, the certainty of your conclusions rests simply upon this—your explanation satisfactorily accounts for the deposition of these fossils, and if it is denied, none other can be offered, at least, none as probable.

G. Exactly so.

S. But do you not see that your explanation rests entirely upon assumptions?

G. Indeed I do not; on the contrary, I know it is based upon facts.

S. I admit all the facts; I see the shells in the rocks, but when I ask you how they got there, you tell me they were imbedded at the time you suppose the rock was formed. And if I again ask how do you know that, since no one saw it, you say, Oh! we must assume this to have occurred, or we can not understand what is before our eyes—what is visible and tangible. If we do assume it, it will explain perfectly what we see, and, therefore, the existence of the present condition of things, the existence of these fossiliferous rocks, is proof conclusive of the truth of our suppositions. Now, do you call this good logic?

G. Is not this a curious view to take of the subject? In the same way you will prove that

the whole round of natural science rests upon assumptions.

S. Most unquestionably it does, nor can it be denied. The true facts of science, to use an oft-quoted expression, are undeniable, but the explanations of those facts are not necessarily true. And I need only point to the history of any department of science for the proof. Is the science of electricity now what it was two hundred years ago—would we not laugh at the explanation of phenomena then given and then thought satisfactory?

G. But you forget that we have more facts now than were known two hundred years ago.

S. Very true, and two hundred years hence there will be still other facts known of which we do not dream, and the science of that day will be as unlike what it now is as ours is unlike that of our remote predecessors, and as we laugh at them we shall be laughed at by those who come after us.

G. Well, admitting all this, what has it to do with geology?

S. Simply this; as all natural science consists merely in a more or less satisfactory and rational explanation of undeniable facts which are manifest to our senses, and as all these explanations of necessity rest upon assumptions, therefore, the science of geology rests on a hypothetical basis. Now you are too good a logician to contend that any absolute certainty can be obtained from conclusions based on hypothesis. And as our rule requires us to understand the words of Scripture in their literal sense, unless that sense can be proved absolutely absurd or false or impossible, and as geology offers no proof of absolute absurdity in the literal meaning of the Mosaic account of the creation, as it shows only a hypothetical absurdity—an absurdity deduced from certain premises granted—therefore, according to our rule, we must take the Mosaic account literally.

G. You mean to say that the six days of creation must be understood to be six natural days such as we now have.

S. I mean that we are compelled to take the language of the Mosaic account literally, and, as that speaks of days, we can make nothing else out of it but days.

G. But, my dear sir, if you had told me what you were after, I would have saved you a great deal of trouble. I have not the slightest objection to understanding the words as you do. Call the six days of creation ordinary days, if you choose, there is still plenty of time for all the revolutions of the geologist before those six days began, and we can understand those six days as occupied in the final preparation of the surface of the earth for the reception of man. That point was long since conceded by geologists, to silence the senseless clamor raised against them about denying the truth of Scripture. All that science requires is time for the deposition of these formations, which time you yourself see must be no short period, and must be obtained prior to the creation of Adam. Grant that time during the six days, or before the beginning of the six days, as you choose, but one or the other is indispensable.

S. As to that, I can only say our rule forbids it. If you will look at the first chapter of Genesis, you will find that the literal meaning compels us to understand the creation of matter out of nothing, the creation of light and the beginning of the first day as immediately succeeding each other. There is no room for supposing any interval, if you take the words literally.

G. But we are told that "in the beginning God created heaven and earth—and the earth was void and empty, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the Spirit of God moved over the waters,"—now, as we are not told that he proceeded instantaneously to accomplish the subsequent successive steps as afterwards narrated, we are at liberty to suppose here an interval to have occurred, and during that interval all these changes took place.

S. To all which I can only again reply that the literal reading of the text forbids any such supposition. Besides, it would be of no avail for your purposes, as I think I can show you. Any lapse of time we may suppose to have occurred then, whether a second or a year, or thousands of years, must have exhibited throughout its whole duration "darkness upon the face of the deep," for as yet light was not created. Now thousands or millions of years would not answer the wants of geology, if those must be years of total darkness, because, as I understand the arguments drawn from these fossiliferous strata, the more perfect of the animals whose remains are there

imbedded, could no more have lived without light than those which now inhabit the earth. Besides, the supposition is incompatible with the literal meaning of the text. Nor are you at liberty to suppose any interval between the creation of light and the beginning of the first day—for, if you may suppose this, you may equally suppose any interval you choose between the successive days, and in the same way you may suppose any thing you may happen to think convenient.

G. But may we not suppose there was some kind of light during the time that elapsed between the creation of heaven and earth, and the creation of light during the interval when the Spirit of God moved over the face of the water?

S. Assuredly we can not, if you acknowledge the rule I gave you for the interpretation of Scripture.

G. But I see plainly enough that you do not understand the nature of my objections to this rigidly literal interpretation that you demand. It will lead us into scientific difficulties and absurdities.

S. I see clearly what you call scientific absurdities, but these absurdities are all hypothetical. Allow me one moment to repeat, and you will see what I mean. Here are certain rocks containing certain fossils; if I permit you to assume the existence of a certain condition of things in some remote period, you will explain very beautifully how these came where we find them. That we find them there, and in that condition, is no evidence of the certain truth of your explanation—therefore, your explanation is hypothetical, and all absurdities that flow from it are necessarily hypothetical, and, therefore, such scientific absurdities can not invalidate the literal meaning of the Mosaic account of the creation—and until that literal meaning can be shown to be absolutely absurd or false, or impossible, we must take it as it stands.

G. The end of all this war of words then is simply this: you want me to believe that this world was begun and finished as we now see it, in six of our days.

S. We are told in Exodus that "in six days the Lord made heaven and earth and the sea, and all things that are in them." Now we must take this in the proper literal sense, or in a metaphorical sense, and I think I have demonstrated to your satisfaction that our rule for the interpretation of Scripture compels us to take it literally.

G. Then all I can say is, that the rule is a ridiculous one, and I will have nothing to do with it. Where did you come across it? Whose is it?

S. The rule as I give it to you is called by theologians the rule of St. Augustine; although it does not occur literally in that form in his writings, it embodies his meaning. St. Augustine, I need hardly tell you, was one of the most learned men the world ever saw, and lived in the latter part of the fourth and the beginning of the fifth century. It was employed by the church long before St. Augustine reduced it to writing—it has been acknowledged and adopted by all the fathers of the church ever since his day; it has been sanctioned by all approved writers on dogmatic theology for the last fourteen hundred years or thereabouts, and is taught to all students of theology in Catholic institutions as the only safe guide for the interpretation of Scripture. To me it comes with an authority which I should be rash to reject. So that if you choose to reject it, you will have the advantage of me there.

G. But, without rejecting it entirely, perhaps it may be modified to meet our difficulties. St. Augustine, you say, wrote in the fifth century; what we call science now, did not exist then, and it seems unlikely that the rule he gave, should have been intended for the use you make of it.

S. As to that, the rule speaks for itself; it professes to apply to the whole Scripture without restriction, without limitation. We have no right to assume that St. Augustine was ignorant of the science of his day; we know, on the contrary, that he was profoundly learned in all that was then known, that he was a man of deep and varied attainments in human knowledge, and, what was still more, was specially enlightened by the Divine Spirit. But how would you propose to modify the rule?

G. St. Augustine was occupied, I have been told, during the greater part of his life in combating various heresies, which seemed to him to endanger the salvation of souls—now if we might consider his rule as intended to apply to the interpretation of those passages of Scripture which directly pertain to salvation, or to things of a future life, then all these mat-

ters, involving questions of science, might be excepted, and we might then interpret these passages metaphorically, as science seems to demand. Could not this be done?

S. The idea is ingenious, but totally inadmissible, for this plain reason: it would unsettle our belief in too many points—an example will best show you the effect of such a modification—we are told in Exodus that the Lord appeared to Moses in a burning bush, and Moses "saw that the bush was on fire and was not burnt." Now this is a fact which does not directly pertain to salvation any more than the account of the creation, or of the deluge; yet we both believe that the bush was really on fire, and yet really was not burnt. And again, among the other plagues of Egypt, its waters were turned into blood; this we also believe literally, yet it does not directly pertain to salvation. Both are matters of faith, and as such the rule requires us to believe them literally. Modify the rule as you propose, and I see nothing to prevent us from understanding these passages metaphorically—nothing to prevent us from urging the scientific absurdity involved in the literal interpretation as a reason for understanding them metaphorically. And I might cite cases of this kind almost innumerable. But perhaps you will tell me that these events were manifestly miraculous, and involved supernatural agency, and that this is apparent in the account itself. But so also does the creation of matter involve supernatural agency, and equally so does the formation of the world involve supernatural agency; and this, too, is apparent in the account of these events. But the best evidence as to what St. Augustine meant by the rule, is derived from the fact that he himself applied it in the discussion of numerous questions of the same nature as those proposed by modern science.

G. But have other theologians used the rule as you do, or have they not rather confined its application to questions of faith and morals?

S. No, indeed: the manner in which the rule is employed by writers on dogmatic theology shows also that they understand it as intended to be applied to the whole Scripture. They did so apply it to various questions not directly connected with faith and morals; their works have always had the general sanction and approbation of the whole church; and, therefore, their interpretation of the rule is sanctioned and approved by the church. And thus I am compelled to view it as a rule given by the church, and I should be rash to reject it. Of course it could not have the same authority with those who do not feel themselves compelled to obey the Catholic church.

G. Nor even with all those who do, I can assure you—you will find many good Catholics, who pay no heed to your musty rule, at least in the sense in which you interpret it. There is the learned Dr. Wiseman, who concedes all that geologists demand in point of time. There is Genoude, a most learned commentator, who comes to the same conclusion, that the days of Moses may be understood as periods of indefinite length, without any violation of faith. There is the erudite Petavius, who adopts the same view, and numberless others whom I might name. What will you do with these worthy men, excommunicate them all as maintaining heretical doctrines?

S. Oh! no; that would be both rash and uncharitable too. I can not constitute myself a judge in this matter. Differing from them in opinion, I can only give the reason for this difference, and this I have already done. There is my rule for the interpretation of the whole Scripture. It is too plain to be misunderstood. All writers on dogmatic theology, who have used it, explain it in the same way, and the use they make of it is in accordance with their explanation. It has had the authority of the church for more than a thousand years, and if I now attempt to modify it, or wholly reject it, I have then no guide but my own private interpretation, to explain the sense of Scripture.

G. Well, my dear sir, you know we Protestants think that is guide enough. Why not interpret this first chapter of Genesis to suit these imperious claims of science?

S. I will on one condition, and it is this, as among many conflicting interpretations there can be but one true one, whenever you Protestants will all agree what that true interpretation of the Scripture is, I will adopt it. But, even if I were now to concede what you ask in regard to the first chapter of Genesis, you would not be satisfied. We would immediately begin to quarrel about the seventh chapter. There I am told that the water of the deluge covered "all the high mountains

under the whole heaven," and that "all things wherein there is the breath of life died," excepting only Noah and they that were with him in the ark. And yet you tell me there is no evidence that the deluge of Noah was the sudden, general destructive catastrophe there described.

G. Well now let me ask you a question. You see my carpet; it is not very new or fashionable, but it is pretty clean—suppose now I tell you that exactly five minutes before you entered this room there was a barrel of oil spilled upon the carpet, could you believe me?

S. Indeed I could not.

G. And why not?

S. For the simple reason that, if the barrel of oil had been spilled, there would be left unquestionable evidence of the accident—evidence not to be obliterated in five minutes, and as I can not find that evidence, I do not believe the accident occurred.

G. And now, out of your own mouth, I will answer your question as to the universality of the deluge. It could not have happened, as you contend, for the simple reason that, if it had, there would be left unquestionable evidence of the event, not to be obliterated in the few hundred years that have since elapsed, and as I can not find those evidences, I do not believe it happened in the way you assert.

S. So you mean to take the broad ground, that you will believe nothing in the Bible that is not confirmed by the evidence of your senses or other external evidence.

G. By no means. I dare say you think I have very little faith, yet I am not quite an infidel. I only object to your interpretation of those passages in the Scripture which refer to physical phenomena, when such interpretation is so plainly repugnant to the evidence of my senses, or, to speak more precisely, I object to your interpretation because it is repugnant to what seems to me necessary and unavoidable deductions from undeniable facts.

S. If it is not too much trouble, I should like to know what those facts are which relate to the deluge?

G. I can give you an idea of what I mean in a very few words. I reason thus: if the deluge which you suppose occurred, did actually occur at the time and in the manner described in the literal words of Genesis, then we would of necessity find every where evidence of its action in the disturbance, and the confusion and admixture it must have made among the soils and loose materials upon the surface of the earth. Now, I do not say there are no marks of confusion of this kind, but I say this, and every practical geologist will agree with me, that every portion of the surface of the earth that has yet been examined shows those loose materials of which I speak, such as sand, and gravel, and clay, and pebbles of different size regularly stratified, and manifestly deposited from water not in a state of tumultuous agitation, but from water nearly in a quiescent state. And common sense, and reason, and good logic, all conspire to compel me to deny that any violent overwhelming deluge has ever passed over such a spot, and as such spots are found very extensively in all countries, what I believe of one, I must believe of all countries.

S. May not these stratified materials have been deposited since the deluge of Noah?

G. That supposition would be still more absurd, because we find these tertiary deposits so high above the present level of the nearest water, that no causes which have been in operation since the age of Noah, could have produced them since that time. And we refer their formation, as we are obliged to refer the formation of the more solid rocky masses, to a period prior to the existence of the first man. And then the account of the deluge itself, I mean the manner in which it was brought about, is so improbable, that I wonder a man of your sense does not perceive the difficulty. If the water rose so high above the tops of the highest mountains, where did all this immense mass of water come from, and what became of it afterwards? Now, if you take what I call the common sense view of this event, every thing can be explained; all the objects of the Almighty can be accomplished without involving any scientific absurdity. We have only to suppose a part of the surface of the earth, that part then inhabited by the human race, and which, of course, was but a small part of the whole, we have only to imagine, I say, that this part of the surface gradually, but somewhat rapidly sank, until the water of the ocean rushing over it, stood high above the top of what had been its highest mountains, and all

is explained without any violation of probability. Now, tell me candidly, would not this answer every purpose of the deluge?

S. Certainly it would have answered, if such had been the will of God—but he chose to bring it about in another way, and in the plain and simple narration of it the inspired writer has left us no more room to doubt its universality, than we have to doubt its occurrence. If I believe, because it is so declared in the Bible, that it really occurred, I must, for the same reason, believe it occurred in the manner described. Your objections to the literal account of the deluge are of precisely the same nature as, though they seem to me stronger than those you brought against the six days. If I admit the force of your argument in one case, I must admit it also in the other. But I answer both in the same way, and if my argument is conclusive in one case, it is equally so in the other. If it will not answer for both, it is good for neither. You object to the literal account of the deluge, because, in explaining certain undeniable facts connected with the tertiary formation, you are obliged to assume a condition of things incompatible with the literal words of Scripture. And since the actual existence of the facts proves to you the truth of your explanations, and as these explanations are incompatible with the literal meaning of the text, therefore, the literal meaning of the text is absurd, and you feel compelled to understand it metaphorically. This, I believe, is a fair statement. But here again, as before, you must admit that your explanations of facts are altogether hypothetical, and, if so, no deduction from them can be other than hypothetical; consequently, the absurdity you object to the literal meaning of the narrative of the deluge is entirely a hypothetical absurdity, and, as such, can not authorize me to reject that in its proper and literal sense. For you must prove the literal sense to be absolutely absurd, before I dare reject it.

G. But, by that ridiculous rule of yours, as you understand it, that can never be done.

S. Well, what will you do?

G. Why, as your rule appears thus totally adverse to the certainty of my deductions, while they appear to me to be based upon admitted physical truths, if I must abandon one or the other, I must certainly reject the rule as opposed to the evidence of my senses.

S. I agree with you that the two are incompatible. And I, too, am obliged to make a choice, but with me the will is paramount, and, of course, I must reject all absolute certainty in the deductions of geology, so far as those deductions contradict the words of Scripture.

G. You will not find any geologist who openly supports what he admits is contrary to Scripture.

S. You mean the Scripture as geologists understand it?

G. Of course I do; the opinion is now a prevailing one, that the science in reality confirms the truth of Scripture, at least all are agreed that it in no wise contradicts that. And, in order to avoid, as far as possible, such hypercritical cavils as you are now raising, it was long ago tacitly agreed among writers that nothing should be said, or at least no more than could possibly be helped, about any apparent disagreement between science and revelation. Where they agree, it is, of course, right it should be mentioned. And thus it happens, that all those speculations as to the modus operandi of the creation and the deluge, once so rife, are now voted in bad taste. And the business of the geologist at the present day is not to bewilder himself in cosmogony, but to ascertain the nature of the materials that constitute the present surface of the planet, and the causes which operated to place these materials where we now find them, and in the manner we find them. To seek not for the origin of all things, but for the origin of the present condition of things. In short, to investigate the character of the last revolutions upon its surface, and thus learn what was the condition of things that immediately preceded the present. Few, or none, at this time pretend to go further back than that.

S. That was the object of Mr. Lyell's labors, I believe, was it not?

G. In one sense it was. He undertook to prove that the causes now in operation might have produced the present condition of the surface, if we will only admit them to have been in action long enough. But all geologists do not agree with him.

S. And yet it seems to me that you have no right to question the truth of his conclusions. He points to the undeniable fact that, in 1835, during an earthquake, the western coast of

South America, over an extent of several hundred miles, was raised permanently to the height of about six feet, and shows, moreover, that such earthquakes have happened there since the existence of any records, as often as once in a century. He then points to the chain of the Andes, and tells you that they were formed in that way—that by successive upheavals of this kind, extending over the enormous period of more than three hundred thousand years, that immense barrier was raised. If you deny this, he has only to point to the mountains as evidence. Had the cause he mentions acted during the time he calculates, you can not deny that it would explain present appearances, and thus, according to your logic, the existence of the mountains proves the truth of his explanations.

G. For that matter the Andes may be three hundred thousand years old, or even older; for me there is no difficulty in that supposition. But, dropping this digression, tell me what objection you have to geology, as confined to the investigation of the last changes on the surface of the earth, leaving all discussions as to the meaning of the first chapter of Genesis to the remote future when the world shall have grown wiser.

S. My principal objection would be this—that you are constantly in danger of being led astray by specious deductions from facts to believe and assert, as absolutely true, what in reality is wholly assumption. That while these supposed truths may often relate to things which, in a religious point of view, are matters of indifference, where we may believe or not believe as we choose, yet oftentimes they relate to matters wherein we are not at liberty to choose. For instance, when you tell me that all the beds of soil and clay and gravel of the tertiary deposit, with their fossils, were deposited as we find them by the agency of water, and that these fossils were once part of living things, I fully agree with you that the evidence of that declaration is sufficient. But when you tell me that these beds were so formed before the creation of Adam, and that some thousand years were required for their deposition, there you are treading on forbidden ground. That I can not believe as absolutely true, since by it is Scripture contradicted.

G. You are becoming more and more incomprehensible: you admit the animals once lived whose remains we now find fossilized, you admit the aqueous deposition of the strata containing them, and yet you say this did not happen before man was created; pray, tell me when you think it did happen.

S. That would be to enter upon an illimitable discussion: let us reserve that for another time. Suppose I admit myself utterly unable to explain to you how these deposits occurred, that would not make your explanation absolutely true. If your supposition is apparently the only one that can be offered, even that would not suffice: apparently yet differs from certainly. But if you will show me that no other supposition can possibly be true, then I will admit that yours is absolutely true, and we will no longer call it a hypothesis.

G. But I do not like the issue you have created. What need is there of putting geology at variance with the Bible. Why not let geologists go on with their labors; there may be among them some enthusiasts whose devotion to science carries them perhaps a little too far, but as a body they are daily bringing to light innumerable interesting and important facts, the practical value of which is undeniable, while their errors are mere theoretical errors, which time will correct, if you will only let them alone.

S. I am exceedingly anxious they should go on with their labors. I think these have been productive of immense benefits; but, if I could, I would confine their labor to its proper sphere.

G. What do you consider its proper sphere?

S. That appears to me very well defined. I would have them go on with their explorations, if possible, more enthusiastically than ever. I would encourage them by every incentive, public and private. I would lay open to them the wide field included in the practical application of the facts learned by their laborious researches. The structure of a country in relation to its mineral wealth—its economical geology, so called,—after all, includes every thing of real value in the science. The rewards conferred by a community which may be benefited by their labor, seem to me sufficient incentives for exertion. I speak of reward not merely in the sense of so many dollars per annum, that is the hire of the laborer, but as the recompense rightly adjudged

to all public benefactors, to all who extend the boundaries of human knowledge, or who devise new and useful applications of knowledge already acquired.

G. That all sounds very pretty, I admit; but how is it possible to carry on geological inquiries without indulging in the very speculations you have unreservedly denounced?

S. I hope you have not misunderstood me so far as to suppose I object to scientific hypotheses. My objection has been not to the hypothesis, as such, but to that confusion of ideas and that misapplication of language which would dignifiy hypothesis with the name of truth. Theories are not only admissible but indispensable in all progressive science. Without them we could not well connect the innumerable physical truths which constitute the objects of science. Leave these disconnected and isolated, and we could have no science. Speculate then, as you please, as to the nature of the causes that have operated to produce the present condition of the earth's surface, provided that, in your scientific generalizations, you do not adopt, as absolutely true, any theory or any supposition which unequivocally contradicts the literal meaning of the words of Scripture.

G. I am glad to find that your crusade against geology is not intended utterly to exterminate it. I began to fear you meant to show no quarter. Why you should feel so sensitive on the subject, I yet do not clearly understand. For, even supposing all the evils that your vivid imagination has conjured up as really existing, and supposing the tendency of such speculations to be what you have attempted to show, I see no great cause for alarm. There are not so many geologists in the world that we need fear that they and all their disciples together could succeed in shaking the public faith in the truth of divine revelation, even admitting, what it is absurd to suppose, that all were to act together and with that sole purpose.

S. This sensitiveness, as you call it, is easily explained. You will admit, of course, that in reality the value of a single soul exceeds the value of the whole physical universe as far as the infinite exceeds the finite, and, consequently, the utmost care should be employed in the discussion of all questions which involve the least risk of the loss of a single soul, though it belonged to the most degraded specimen of mortality that ever polluted the surface of the earth. More especially is care required in handling questions like those which geology originated, wherein the danger of misapprehension is so great, and where misapprehension seems to be burthened with such lamentable consequences. To doubt the literal truth of one portion of Scripture merely because we can not understand it, it appears to me, would naturally lead us to doubt other parts for the same reason. From such dsbelief to open infidelity the transition seems neither violent nor abrupt, and infidelity persisted in must lead to perdition. Now do not misunderstand me—I do not say that the study of geology must lead one to perdition, but I merely say that without extreme care it may be thus fatal.

G. I agree with you so far as this—if you can persuade me that the discussion of any question necessarily and inevitably involves any risk of my neighbor's salvation, common charity would require me to avoid it; but if his danger, instead of being necessarily connected with the nature of the question, arises wholly and solely from the perverted view he chooses to take of it, as this is entirely optional with him, I am no longer responsible, and if he chooses to go to perdition, he alone is accountable.

S. That will do very well for all who claim the right of private interpretation, but for those who admit the authority of St. Augustine's rule for the interpretation of Scripture, such discussions are necessarily attended with some little risk, unless one keeps steadily in view the hypothetical nature of the inquiry. For it seems very clear, if geological deductions will nullify the literal meaning of the first chapter of Genesis, the same arguments will equally well nullify the literal meaning of the seventh chapter, which speaks of the deluge. And for me to admit either of these to be a matter of faith, and, in the same breath, to refuse to believe it because it involves a scientific absurdity, would be in the highest degree dangerous.

G. But while you thus obstinately reject these geological truths, you lose all the support they afford to the credibility of the Mosaic narrative.

S. That I consider no very serious loss. If I believe the Scripture to be divine inspiration, my faith must be grounded on better evi-

dence than any that geology can furnish, and then it seems foolish to talk of confirming what to me is already absolutely certain. To him who does not believe the Scripture to be divine inspiration, it certainly can never be proved such by any thing that geology can offer. The support then of which you speak is not wanted in one case, and in the other has no value.

G. You are too untractable, my good sir, and too exacting, I find, to leave me much hope of converting you from your errors at once. But, if you will do me the honor to call again, I hope another time to be more successful. For the present we must end our discussions as such generally end, both of us more strongly confirmed in our previous opinions.

S. If possible I will gladly accept your invitation—until then I shall be obliged to believe the Bible in defiance of geology.

A.

AUDIN'S LIFE OF CALVIN.

History of the Life, Works, and Doctrines of John Calvin; from the French of J. M. V. Audin, knight of the order of St. Gregory the Great, member of the academy and literary circle of Lyons, of the Tyberine academy, and of the academy of the Catholic religion of Rome. Translated by Rev. John McGill. *Post tenebras spero lucem,*—device of Catholic Geneva. 1 vol. large octavo, pp. 560. B. J. Webb & Brother, Louisville: John Murphy, Baltimore, 1845.

HIS long expected and most interesting work has at length made its appearance in an English dress, and we are quite sure that the American and English publics will feel greatly indebted to the reverend translator for the valuable time he has spent, and for the much patient labor he has cheerfully endured, in order to spread out before them this rich literary and historical repast. A translator has a painful and often a thankless task to perform; he usually labors much and gains but meagre credit for his labor. The foreign work is perhaps perused with avidity when once translated; but too often the translator is lost sight of in the author. And the man who, in view of all this, devotes his time to the work of translation deserves the warmest gratitude of the literary world. He can be actuated by no motive save that of doing good to his kind, to the world of letters, and to the cause of truth.

To those who are acquainted with the Rev. Mr. McGill, it is entirely needless to say that every reliance may be placed in the accuracy and elegance of his translation of Calvin's life by Audin. There are few scholars in America better qualified than he to cater to the tastes of the literary community, whether through the medium of a translation or otherwise. And we confidently venture the assertion that, for scrupulous fidelity to the meaning of the original, for appropriateness of expression, for elevated tone, and, withal, for elegance and easy flow of style, this translation is excelled by few that have ever been made.

One chief difficulty in properly rendering the book from one language into another lies in catching the *spirit* of the original, and transfusing it into the translation. This difficulty increases ten-fold in a work of the high literary tone, and of the lively, graphic, and dramatic character of Audin's Life of Calvin. A book of this kind, written expressly with reference to the present literary taste of France, and abounding in idiomatic expressions and nicely rounded periods, can not be accommodated to our taste without great labor and consummate skill in the translator. If the translation be strictly literal, it is apt to be too rigid, if not entirely un-English; if it be too free, it will not be a faithful representation of the original. Our reverend translator has, we think, steered with great care and ability between these two extremes, and he has given us a work which not only fully and faithfully reflects both the sense and the spirit of the original, but is also a model of very readable and even of elegant English composition.

The Life of Calvin is, not only in form and size, but in every other respect, a fit companion for the Life of Luther, by the same author, lately translated into English by another accomplished clerical scholar of the United States. Whoever has the one should also possess the other. They should both be in every library in the land. The two together embody an almost complete history of the Protestant reformation, written with great truth, force, clearness, and copiousness of detail. They present to us, in a most lively and dramatic manner, the men and things of the first half of the sixteenth century—a period, perhaps, the most interesting of all in history. They lead us through the different courts of Europe, introduce us to the great literary characters of the time, conduct us through the various universities and colleges and libraries, and every where, and in every thing, they give us all the information we could ask or desire, and they do it, too, not morosely and churlishly, but cheerfully and good-humoredly, and with true French politeness.

It is, indeed, delightful to travel through the vast domain of history with such a guide as M. Audin. He is fully acquainted with every landmark and object of curiosity on the road, and he beguiles the tediousness of the journey with his well-sustained and lively affability. Nor does he talk merely to pass off time; he speaks to the purpose: he is full of his subject, and he makes you also full of it, even in spite of yourself,

There seems to be no document that could possibly throw any light on the history of this period which he has not sought out, found, and thoroughly sifted. For this purpose he spared no labor nor expense. He travelled through nearly all Europe, and he visited all the principal libraries. Many most valuable monuments he has thus succeeded in rescuing from oblivion, and presenting for the first time to the public. He hazards no statement without a clear warrant from the original or cotemporary documents. He deals not in denunciation nor in mere declamation, but in sober *facts*. Nor is he at all afraid of the *whole* truth.

Luther and Calvin are the principal or central figures in his two great historical paintings; both stand out in bold prominence, clearly marked by the lights and shades corresponding with their respective virtues and vices; while around them are, each in his proper place and attitude, the figures of the various distinguished individuals with whom they came in contact while on earth, and who with them played out the great drama of the reformation, *so called*. This comprehensiveness of view and this candid impartiality are as rare as they are invaluable qualities in a historian, and it is for them chiefly that we so highly prize such of the works of M. Audin as we have seen.

On the public and private life of John Calvin, particularly, M. Audin has thrown great additional light. He has discovered and availed himself of several portions of Calvin's correspondence hitherto unknown or unpublished; and, among the rest, the famous letter of Calvin to Farel, the original of which, in the hand-writing of Calvin himself, he discovered in the Bibliotheque Royale of Paris. Besides, he had access to the public registers of Geneva, which had been long studiously concealed by Calvin's disciples out of respect to his memory, until finally the dark cloud of indifferentism and infidelity settled heavily over that city, towards the close of the last century. Then it was that the sacred treasure was guarded with less scrupulous care, and was finally disclosed to the view of Galiffe and other enterprising Protestant antiquarians, of whose indefatigable labors M. Audin has fully availed himself.

In the whole range of history there figures not a personage more remarkable in many respects than John Calvin. Few men have been more talented, more active, more fertile in resources, or more prolific in mischief to mankind. With a zeal worthy a better cause, he labored, by day and by night, through all the eventful vicissitudes of a long life, to fasten upon the world a system the most dark and atrocious, perhaps, that ever was devised by man. It was a system which sapped the foundations of all morality, by striking a mortal blow at free agency and destroying the doctrine of human accountability. It virtually made man an automaton, and God a ruthless tyrant! It recklessly consigned the far greater portion of mankind, *with their children*, to endless damnation, without any hope of deliverance, and it dragooned the smaller number of the elect—the favored few—into heaven al-

most in spite of themselves! It painted the great God of heaven, whom Christians had been hitherto taught to address by the endearing name of FATHER, as a merciless and unfeeling despot, who delighted in the necessary and irredeemable damnation of the vast majority of his intellectual creatures, whom he had made to his own image and likeness, and whom he had placed upon the earth without their consent or co-operation! A more thoroughly fiendish system was never imagined by human brain; and we are not at all astonished at the pithy saying of Zacheus Faber: "The God of Calvin is not the true God." *

Alas! Calvin succeeded but too well in establishing this pernicious doctrine, and in bequeathing it as a poisonous legacy to his posterity. The system still lives and moves and does its deadly work amongst us, hundreds of years after its author has descended to the tomb. The sect which he founded, though torn into fragments by bitter internal feuds, still, in many places, clings with fond tenacity to this its primeval and characteristic tenet. Nor is this the only trait which it has in common with its parent. It is every where marked with the same sanctimonious austerity of demeanor, the same bitter and puritanical zeal, the same fanatical spirit, the same narrow-minded and proscriptive intolerance, the same feverish restlessness, as its author. At every period of its troubled existence, and on every theatre on which it has acted out its part, it has moved amidst seditions and commotions, and has strewn frightful ruins along its pathway. It has moved in the very orbit in which Calvin originally placed it, and ordered it to revolve; and it has pursued its course with a spirit as undeviating and relentless, as if it had been *foreordained and predestined* for this special purpose! The original Calvinists of Switzerland and Holland, the fiery Huguenots of France, the fierce Covenanters of Scotland, the fanatical Roundheads of Cromwell's army of *saints*, and the long-visaged and self-righteous Puritans of blue-law and witch-laying memory, who peopled New England—to say nothing of some of our modern Presbyterians—all were led by a kindred spirit, all carried, branded deeply on their brows, the name and the fierce truculent image of John Calvin! All these sects—or rather disjointed fragments of one great sect—compose that piebald and graceless progeny which the theocrat of Geneva has left to the world. He wished to make a noise among mankind, and to transmit his name to after generations; he has succeeded to his heart's content. His disciples have ever been the most noisy, the most restless, the most haughty, the most intolerant, and the most clamorous of mankind.

We speak, of course, of those Calvinistic sects which still profess some reverence for their founder, and retain some respect for Christianity. Alas! it is a reflection as sad as it is true, that the original Calvinists on the continent of Europe have, the vast majority of them, either renounced Christianity altogether, or that they retain little more of it than the bare name! In Switzerland, in Germany, in France, Calvinism has, Judas-like, betrayed Jesus Christ with a treacherous kiss! Prating for ever about the Bible, it has denied or explained away the Bible; professing unbounded love for Christ and his religion, it has shamefully renounced both! Unitarianism, rationalism, and downright deism, now run riot among the various churches founded by Calvin and his disciples. There all is desolation and ruin. The "abomination of desolation" hath there appeared in places once deemed holy.

The very pulpit of Calvin now sends forth its grandiloquent tirades against the divinity of Christ, against the inspiration of the Bible! The *holy* city of Geneva, which, during his iron theocracy, was made to walk according to the most rigid maxims of consistorial and blue-law regulations, with all the appliances of hired spies, informers, and official inquisitors armed with the torture to enforce them; the *holy* city, which whilom witnessed the banishment of Bolsec, of Castalion, of Gentilis, and of Berthellier; which witnessed the official murder of the poet Gruet, and the barbarous burning of Servetus;—all done, too, *at the instigation of Calvin*, and for the establishment and furtherance of his favorite religious views, as M. Audin proves conclusively from original documents of undoubted authority; this same *holy* city is now the hot-bed and stronghold of infidelity!! All modern travellers tell us the sad news. Alas! for the vicissitudes of human affairs! Alas! for the fruits of Calvinism!

It needs no great depth of philosophy to ac-

* "Der Calvinisten Gott ist nicht der wahre." Quoted by Audin, p. 160, translation.

count for this apparently strange phenomenon. To our minds it is the most natural thing in the world. The human mind easily and naturally oscillates from one extreme to the other in the arc of unbelief. Calvin's absurd and impious system of predestination taxed men's belief to the utmost; it made men receive as revealed truths the most revolting and absurd impieties; the ruse was but too successful for a time; but the reaction at length came—as come it ever will in all that is marked by ultraism and extravagance; men recoiled with horror from the principle they had hitherto believed, and they recoiled with such violence as to run into the opposite extreme. In ascertaining that "Calvin's God was not the true God," they thought they had also ascertained that no other Christian system taught the true nature or unfolded the real attributes of the Deity. Geneva awoke from her dream of Calvinistic Christianity, and found herself in the end thoroughly infidel! Many of her citizens who recoiled from infidelity returned to the bosom of that venerable Catholic church, from which their ancestors had, in an evil moment, departed!*

Calvin was the forerunner of Voltaire. Both were Frenchmen; both were lean, thin-visaged, talented, caustic, bitter in spirit, and implacably revengeful. Both had to fly from France for their misconduct; both wandered much over the face of the earth, and both finally settled down at Geneva. Both vainly attempted to destroy Christianity, with this only difference, that Calvin only endeavored to batter down the walls of the sacred edifice, and Voltaire to tear up the very foundations. The theocrat of Geneva and the philosopher of Ferney are parallel characters on the tablets of history. Voltaire flying from the face of an indignant Christianity, and finding a shelter under the walls of the city of Calvin, is, indeed, a remarkable coincidence. Calvin sowed the seeds in Geneva; Voltaire went thither to gather the fruits. Nor was Voltaire the only infidel to whom Geneva afforded an asylum; Rousseau, Gibbon, and many others retired thither to concoct their poisonous productions against Christianity. Geneva honored and protected, and suffered itself to be tainted by these men, and it was from Geneva that the blasphemous edict went forth—"*crush the wretch!!*" Gracious God! how much evil can not one wicked man do in the world!

Perhaps the distinctive characteristic of Calvin, and the one in which he most resembles Voltaire, is his feverish restlessness and activity. He was always unsettled in mind, often wandering from place to place, but always laborious and indefatigable. He seemed to be hurried on as if by a supernatural agency, whether from *above* or from *below* her doctrines and life best testify. During the days of his childhood at Noyon, a scholar at the universities of Bourges and Paris, a pliant flatterer at the courts of Margaret of Anjou and of the great Francis I of France, an exile from France, and a wanderer at Strasbourg, at Bâle, at Ferrara, a co-laborer with Farel and Viret, his precursors at Geneva, an outcast from Geneva, and a sojourner at Berne and at Strasbourg again, an intriguer and a disputant at Frankfort, at Haguenan, at Worms, at Ratisbon, and finally a theocrat at Geneva, after his recall in 1541, winding himself, serpent-like, around the very vitals of the city, crippling its energies, and crushing its liberties during the last years of his life; every where, and at all times he is the same active, restless, untiring, cool and calculating, intriguing and tyrannical John Calvin. Every where he works himself into notice; every where he stirs up feuds and dissensions; every where he gets himself and every body else into difficulties.

At Geneva his troubled and feverish soul at length seems to find repose; but even here he courts not tranquillity; his very element is agitation and strife; his spirit knows no rest. Catholicity was destroyed in Geneva by the exile of the priests, by the sacrilegious pillage of the churches, by open robbery and confiscation of Catholic property, by ruffian violence even against those sanctuaries of religion in which feeble and defenceless woman had sought a shelter from the rude storms of the world, and by other similar means. Religious conformity was insured by the strong arm of power, and religious dissent was visited with denunciation, with the rack, with the prison, with exile, with death. The legislation adopted at Geneva under Calvin is without a parallel in any age or country, even in our own

* It is estimated that at least two-fifths of the present population of Geneva are Catholic; and that the time seems not distant, when the very church in which Calvin preached may be restored to the venerable worship from which it was forcibly wrested.

New England during the famous time of witches and of blue laws!

All this, and much more, M. Audin, in his Life of Calvin just translated, proves by incontestable evidence derived from cotemporary sources, and from the writings of John Calvin himself and of his early associates! He pours a flood of light on this entire portion of history; he spreads out, in fact, before his readers a kind of historical panorama in which one *sees* all the actors in the drama, and all the places and scenes amidst which they severally moved. The whole scene is animated and instinct with life: you not only *see* but you *hear* the various actors, clad in their own appropriate costume, and speaking their own language. You become intimate with all the associates and cotemporaries of Calvin; with Francis I, with Margaret, with the other leading reformers, with the cotemporary literary characters of France, of Italy, of Germany; with popes, cardinals, and prelates; with the great Cardinal Sadolet and his literary associates, the survivors of the golden age of Leo X.

We wish we had room for copious extracts from the work. If we had, our readers would see that what we have said concerning the merits of the work itself, and of the English translation, is not at all exaggerated. But, perhaps, it may be as well to let all purchase the work and judge it for themselves. However, as we have a little space still left, we will present one or two extracts concerning the famous Cardinal Sadolet, Catholic bishop of Carpentras. They will serve to show how warm was the charity that glowed in the bosoms of those whom the self-righteous apostles of reform were wont to denounce as members of Antichrist. Sadolet was but one of a numerous class of true Catholic pastors who lived during that period.

"We should now need a whole volume, as did his biographer, to represent the guest of the most brilliant court in Europe, in the midst of his flock of mountainers, whom he loved as he formerly loved his books. He had studied the law: he desired to be the first magistrate of his flock, or of his children, as he called them. Carpentras was then the seat of fairs greatly frequented, when a quarrel originated among the merchants, the two parties came knocking at the doors of the bishop's house. What do you want? We want your decision, bishop. Sadolet conducted the pleaders into his garden, under the shade of a fine spreading chesnut tree, made them seat themselves by his side, and, in a summary manner, judged the cause. His decree was in the last resort, and without appeal.

"At the episcopal castle there was a wood-house filled with fuel, which, in winter, he distributed to the poor of his diocess. When the sheep suffered hunger as well as cold, he added bread and clothes to the wood. During a year of scarcity, he thus nourished several thousand unfortunate beings. Sadolet sometimes said: 'I know not how this is done: I look into my wood-house, not a branch is there; I search my purse, not a cent in it; a poor person presents himself, and lo! I find a stick in a little corner, and a piece of gold in the lining of my robe; it is some good angel that plays me this trick.' He spoke the truth. His diocess, and especially Carpentras, was full of good angels in the guise of magistrates, of soldiers, of fine ladies, who replenished the purse, the wood-house, and even the library of the bishop."*

How mild, gentle, and forgiving was his spirit! In a letter to Cochlœus, he says: "I approve your temperate and mild manner of writing: let us not exasperate the heretics."† In another letter he inscribes this golden sentence: "I know not how nature has created me: but I can not hate a person because he does not agree with me in opinion!"‡

We must give one more extract describing a beautiful and thrilling incident.

"Francis I was at war with the house of Savoy; the count of Furstemberg, under the orders of Admiral Biron, was in the neighborhood of Carpentras, where his German foot soldiers had committed grave disorders. The inhabitants had armed themselves and driven the Germans away. Furstemburg, on receiving news of this, set forward with his troops and cannon to chastise the city, when Sadolet, in his episcopal robes, presents himself before the advanced guard. Who art thou? the count demands of the prelate. The bishop of Carpentras, who comes to implore mercy for his flock. Leave me, said Furstemberg; I shall so shear your sheep that they will not have strength left to bleat. Sir count, said Sadolet, at least, allow me to speak to the admiral. Go, said Furstemberg, I will wait for you. Sadolet asks to see the admiral, who puts to him the same question: Who art thou? I am Sadolet, replies the bishop of Carpentras. At this name the admiral dismounts from his horse, kneels, kisses the hand of the priest, and signs an order to Furstemberg to stop. It was time, said Furstemberg, for the cannon were about to play. You would still have waited for me, said Sadolet. And why so? *The first bullet*

* Pp. 176, 177. † P. 177. ‡ Ibid.

belongs to the shepherd, replies the prelate; the turn of the sheep would only come after his."*

In conclusion, we must say that the typography of the work is highly creditable to the enterprising publishers. Few of our works have been gotten up in better style, and not one of them, we venture to say, has been printed with fewer faults. The work is printed on fine paper and with new type. Every Catholic should obtain a copy; in fact, every one who wishes to have a correct history of early Calvinism. Booksellers who undertake such works should be liberally encouraged.

*Pp. 177, 178.

THE STUDENT OF BLENHEIM FOREST,

OR THE TRIALS OF A CONVERT.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

Continued from p. 388.

CHAPTER XIV.

Confession.

So I say to you, there shall be joy before the angels of God, upon one sinner doing penance. Luke xv, 10.

He said, therefore, to them again: Peace be to you. As the Father hath sent me, I also send you. When he had said this, he breathed on them, and he said, receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins you retain, they are retained. John xx, 21—23.

And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, shall be bound also in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed also in heaven. Matt. xvi, 19.

And many of them that believed, came, confessing, and declaring their deeds. Acts xix, 18.

CLAVERING had fallen into a common error! He could not precisely comprehend the wonderful simplicity of this sublime faith whose tenets he was about to adopt, or how, or why, he had, almost instinctively, received and adopted its heavenly doctrines, without having recourse to human science, to reduce its mysteries to the rationality of his own powerful mind. Heretofore, in matters of high essential importance, which involved abstruse doctrines, or nice metaphysical distinctions, he had been aided by reason and logical solutions, but now it seemed as if these were unnecessary, and he feared that he had not pursued the proper steps to arrive perfectly and surely at the goal of his wishes; so he read on, wearying his mind, and distracting his spirit with feverish and uncertain dread.

He was much cheered one day by seeing letters from home lying on his dressing table, and, in his eagerness to hear from its beloved inmates, forgot for a moment the painful and unpleasant position he held to it. "Mrs. Clavering was well—his father much changed, and although he never breathed his name, or allowed the slightest object that could remind him of his son to remain in his presence, yet," wrote Mrs. Clavering, "it is very evident that intense and concealed anxiety is undermining his health, for his step is becoming slow, he looks feeble, and will sometimes sit for hours without speaking, and sigh deeply, without seeming at all conscious of the presence of any one! Although this is heart-rending to me, added to the loss of your dear society, my child, I would not have you flinch a moment, or waver, or turn back, even if it were to bring the dead to life, for of far more importance is your eternal salvation, than a consideration of such momentary pangs. And all I have to say now, my son, *I* who by my weakness and prevarication lived so many years a reproach to the church of Christ, is to go on—rest not until you repose amid consolations on her bosom—take a decided and unalterable stand within her portals, where the waves which are tossed about by "various winds of doctrine," can no more disturb you, but where the sheet anchor of your soul will be an immaculate and ever enduring faith, and its drooping energies sustained by its divine sacraments. . . . . Isadora is changed, pale, and serious, but in her your father and

myself find a devoted and affectionate child; she says, 'Aunt, whenever you write, remember me kindly to cousin Clavering.' "

A dreamy languor fell over Clavering after reading his mother's letter—a faintness and weariness of spirit. He was a happy, careless boy once more, wandering lovingly by her side through the beloved shades of Blenheim Forest—he was sitting at eventide on his father's knee, watching, with instinctive triumph, his proud and happy glance as it beamed with love on him; he recalled to mind his boyish sports, the merriment and glee of his favorite slaves, when he, the idol of his home, returned from college to spend a few weeks' vacation with its happy inmates; he recollected his beautiful cousin—their walks—their rides and interchange of happy thoughts, and a pang shot through his heart; and then all the joys—the treasures—hopes and love of that blessed home came thronging with magic velocity about the heaven of his memory, and lit up its night with starry beams! What was he now? An outsast! And why? ah! why? Then again came shadows and gloom, whispering in low troubled accents of doubts and fears, upbraiding him with despising the religion of his fathers, and following in mad chase after phantoms, pageants, and mystical theories. Could he not have obtained eternal life without all this anguish—without heaping disappointment and agonies on the grey head of his indulgent sire, and crushing down the heart of a pure and angelic woman! He had read—he had understoood all the dogmas of this faith for which he had thus sacrificed his earthly all, and did the knowledge bring him *peace?* Did it direct him with more unerring finger to the refuge of the weary; had it brought him permanent consolation—strengthened his hopes, or given him more assured promises of eternal rest than the fold he had forsaken? Alas! his hour of darkness was on him—his hour of temptation, and he writhed beneath the subtle might of his adversary, who, knowing well the frailty of human nature, presented a thousand suggestions why and wherefore he ought to understand the secrets of the Most High God, ere he committed himself entirely to the fold of this religion which professed to hold from the beginning, pure and unsullied, the most holy and sublime mysteries of his revealed word: and alarmed his sensitive soul, in which the pride of human respect yet lingered, by malignant whispers of the scorn, contumely and derision of those who once looked on him as a model of learning, piety, and talent. Suppose, after enduring all, he should be deceived by crafty doctrines and the embodied sentiments of cunning men, and, oh! terrible thought, suppose that soul, for whose salvation the kindest emotions of his nature had bled, should at last be wrecked on uncertain and mysterious shores? He tried to pray, but his spirit was fettered as if by the shadow of death, he could not pour forth the anguish of his heart in contrite tears—they seemed dried in their fountains; he could utter no sighs of repentance, for, alas! the whirlwind of human passion—its pride, its knowledge, its servile respect for science and explanatory meanings, was rushing in wild confusion over the interior perceptions of his soul. He walked the floor with uncertain and wavering steps, his heart throbbing with convulsive throes, his brain reeling, and brow burning with the fever of his mind, when suddenly on the evening air the mellow peal of the deep-toned angelus stole along, and he started from his painful reverie, as its musical, though invisible, pinions came floating like a blessing around him, commemorating in harmonious numbers the incarnation of the Son of God, and reminding, with touching fidelity, of that unparalleled love which had opened for mankind the portals of heaven: and as he knelt before the niche containing the little shrine of our Lady, now lit up with gleaming halos from the rich tints of the setting sun, he exclaimed "My God! my Father! forsake me not in this strait—in this my hour of weakness," and while he prayed, sweet tears welled up from peaceful founts, until the storm passed away, and he was calm.

Mrs. Botelar had entered the room just as Clavering uttered his imploring prayer, and after kneeling silently and reciting the angelus, she approached him and laid her hand gently on his shoulder, as he sat with his face buried in his hands in deep and undisturbed thought.

"My child," she said.

"Dear madam!" he replied, starting.

"Think me not intrusive," said the lady, sitting down beside him; "but those eyes on whose heavy lids I see traces of tears—those pallid cheeks and mournful sighs, tell me too plainly that you endure some hidden anguish;

that you need human and friendly sympathy! How is it my child?"

"Thank you, kind friend," he answered. "I need consolation—religious advice, perhaps—yes, I need spiritual direction, for truly within the last few hours it has appeared as if my soul was unloosened from her moorings in the haven of God's mercy, to become the sport of terrible phantoms!"

After a few moments' silence, Mrs. Botelar inquired if he had made his first confession.

"No," he replied; "and in this I have perhaps erred."

"No doubt—no doubt of it, my child," said the lady earnestly; "for, whether in temporal or spiritual afflictions, our nature requires sympathy. When the sorrows of earth oppress us, and troubles, brought on by ourselves, weigh down our spirits, and we are conscious of having wronged friends and given scandal to foes, when every thing seems to conspire against us, and nothing but evil surrounds us, when our hearts, heavy and repentant, would fain recall every cause, however humiliating to ourselves, which had brought such perplexity and grief on us, how consoling is it, to unbosom oneself to a kind and impartial friend who, while he does not shrink from admonishing and rebuking us, pities our case with tender feelings and fast flowing tears, while we accuse ourselves of every fault, however heinous, and beg him in our penitence to plead for us with those whom we had perhaps undeservedly wronged! We do not hesitate to do this! to a noble nature there is a virtue, a kind of moral grandeur in acknowledging our faults when we are convinced of our errors, particularly if they have been productive of disastrous and grievous consequences. How earnestly do we then endeavor to repair all wrongs and injuries which have sprung from our disorders! In grief, our hearts would literally break, if we could not to some kind and sympathizing nature pour forth the anguish that throbs within them! These, my dear child, are simple truths, which can be easily applied to a higher and holier object. Your mind has been, just now, distracted with doubts and fears; you are seeking rest for your weary soul—*peace;* you know that your past life has been stained by sins—perhaps mortal; you yourself best know to what extent, and in what manner, but feeling that over your own conscience, you would be too lenient a judge:—filled with penitence, and an ardent desire to return to that father whose smiles you have forfeited, you are disturbed and perplexed! But why is this? There is a simple condition by which you may obtain consolation! Go, my child, at once, with all the misdeeds of your past life; your penitence, doubts, distractions and fears, to that tribunal of penance, where the divinely delegated and duly authorized priest of God sits ready to listen and minister to your various wants. Yes, my beloved child, there you will find a kind and impartial friend; one who, under an obligation of eternal secrecy, will hear with pity and tears the long concealed sins which have festered in your soul, and in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, will apply the healing sentence of absolution, which will, if you are truly penitent before the searching eye of Almighty God, be ratified in heaven, amid the rejoicing of angelic hosts. Go, my child; hasten to your good physician, who will apply this heavenly balm with all its consoling influences to your wounded spirit."

"You advise me well, kindest and best of friends," said Clavering. "I will at least visit Father Francis Aylmer this evening: and without doubt he will give me good, and perhaps consolatory counsel."

He was received in a kind and paternal manner by Father Francis, and after conversing a short time on indifferent subjects, said:

"As you know, sir, I have informed myself well on the faith and observances of the Catholic church, and although I am fully satisfied that there can be no other religion holding such indisputable claims to the authenticity of a divine origin, or bearing in its sacramental institutions such plain and unequivocal indications of its eternal Founder, and though I have been *compelled* to choose this religion or infidelity, because I know, if this is false, none other can be true; I have this day, Father Francis, passed hours of intense and agonizing thought, fearing that at last I might be deceived and irretrievably lost."

"And why, my friend," asked he, kindly taking the young man's hand in his own, "why should you have such fears as these—what form did they assume?"

"I can scarcely define them, sir," answered Clavering; "but no doubts of the existence

and prior rights of the Catholic church before and above all others disturbed me. A kind of burning anxiety to understand and reduce, by the aid of human science, the mysteries of this faith to the level of my own reason, tormented me, I believe, among other things."

"A natural mistake," replied Father Francis, "and one which was made by a wise man, a master in Israel, in the days of Christ. You recollect, perhaps, how Nicodemus came at night to our Lord, declaring his belief in his divine mission, and testifying to the truth of his miracles, expecting, no doubt, to hear words which would explain to his comprehension the secret of those miracles, and also a new way to eternal rest: and how, after our Lord, with wonderful condescension, had declared unto him the necessity of regeneration, he, dissatisfied, exclaimed, 'How can these things be?' He went curiously, expecting to hear words subject to the control of human knowledge respecting the doctrines of our Lord, who declared unto him words of the Spirit, which his proud and arrogant mind, ignorant of the simple precepts of faith, rejected. If we could understand and comprehend all the mysteries of religion, it would no longer be an object of veneration, for men do not hold that in high esteem with which they are perfectly familiar; where, then, would be the necessity of faith? Can any theologian in Christendom explain the mystery of the incarnation, or reduce to human reason the numerical difficulties of the adorable Trinity? Or the process by which water was turned into wine, or by what wonderful means Christ fed five thousand men, from a basket containing only seven loaves and a few fishes? Or how the Holy Ghost, the infinite, the eternal and omnipresent Spirit, assumed first the form of tongues of fire, and again the small and delicate disguise of a dove, which was apparently a dove, and yet the Holy Ghost? By what means our Lord entered the room at Emmaus where his disciples sat, when all the doors and windows were closed? He was a spirit, and yet a body immaterial, as is proved by his standing thus mysteriously among them, flesh and blood, because Thomas, at his bidding, laid his finger in his wounded side, and, finding his body a palpable and human substance, exclaimed, 'My Lord and my God!' I have mentioned these prominent and incomprehensible miracles as they have occurred to me; there are numberless others presented to our faith, equally inexplicable to human reason, which—belonging properly to the high counsels of God—it becomes us his creatures to receive without cavilling or doubt. You remind me, my dear young friend, of a man who has studied and mastered the theory of music, without ever having seen an instrument of harmony; he understands all its difficulties, its notes, chords, time, and the position of its grandest passages, but nothing, absolutely nothing of its delightful melody, its soul-subduing influences, its charming power; because he has never touched an instrument, or heard one call forth the witchery of music. You have read in the sacred writings that our Lord, in opening the eyes of the blind man, first anointed them with clay, thus making it the visible minister of his power, although he, as God, might have said, Be ye opened, O ye closed eyes, and straightway those senses, wrapped in impenetrable darkness, would have obeyed the mandate. But He, in mercy to us, has wisely adapted all things in religion to the consolation of our weak human nature, by giving us sensible signs through which we may receive the necessary graces. I am his vessel of clay—his consecrated minister—his authorized servant, and, as such, my child, allow me this privilege: I call on you by those contrite tears which do honor to your manhood, to humble yourself, in this auspicious hour, before the Lord in the sacred tribunal of penance; here kneel, and pour forth the turmoil and strife of your mind, the actions of your past life wherein you have offended high heaven, and with a penitent heart yield yourself, with childlike simplicity, to our Lord at the foot of the cross."

The voice of Father Francis trembled, and a tear of commiseration moistened his meekly expressive eyes, as he reached forth his hand and put on the surplice preparatory to the performance of the sacred function.

Overcome by his inclination and the reasons he had heard, and feeling the necessity of following the advice of the pious man, Clavering knelt . . . . *Jubilate, the angels in heaven sing, and are rejoicing. . . . . The fountains of his soul, touched by the finger of mercy, were unsealed, and in each tear glistened a gem of repentance unto eternal life.*

CHAPTER XV.

Taking the Veil.—An unexpected meeting.

A PARTY of gentlemen had been invited by Mrs. Botelar to dine with Clavering, and as they sat over the dessert, discussing various pleasant topics, referring every subject with courteous affability to him, Mr. Arlington, one of the guests, inquired of Mrs. Botelar if she had heard recently from Mount Carmel; "If not," said he, "I have good news for you, madam."

"Ah! Mr. Arlington, you are always the bearer of good tidings whenever any thing of peculiar interest occurs in the religious world," replied the lady, "and I am sure your news is of this kind to-day."

"Yes," he answered, smiling: "I am glad, though, 'pon honor, to find that you look upon me as so sacred a harbinger; but perhaps you have already heard, Mrs. Botelar, that two ladies are to receive the black veil to-morrow."

"Behind-hand, for once, with good news," she replied pleasantly. "I am a few days in advance of you on this occasion, Mr. Arlington. The reverend mother notified me of the expected event last week. Mr. Clavering, would you not like to witness the ceremony? If so, we'll go."

"Were I to give you a perfectly candid answer, madam," said he, "it would be in the negative. I have still lingering about me a Protestant horror for the monastic or conventual life; but this I am perfectly willing to impute to my ignorance of the subject."

"Give every doubtful cause a fair hearing, Mr. Clavering, and your prejudices may be removed," said Mr. Arlington.

"Exactly, exactly, thank you," he replied. "I will take the first step towards doing so by witnessing this ceremony to-morrow; but what of this institution or order, does it rank among the ancient glories of the church, or has it been recently established?"

"It is not very modern," answered Mr. Arlington. "The order of Carmelites received its rules in 1209 from Albert, patriarch of Jerusalem. It derives its name from Mount Carmel, the place of its institution, and is among the most austere orders in the church."

"Are they cloistered nuns, or do they go through the world on errands of mercy, like the Sisters of Charity?" inquired Clavering.

"They are cloistered nuns. In this, our day, when *faith* is so little understood by those who are separated from our communion, it can scarcely be understood how it is that a society of pious women, the object of whose whole life is to work out their own salvation, and pray continually for the salvation of others, can be of any possible utility in the community? Some object that they are drones in the hive of society, others that they might diffuse in the world those works of benevolence and piety, which would benefit as well as edify mankind. But it is evident that to be shut out from the world is their very duty to the world; to be in leisure is their business, and as well might we call a schoolmaster inactive, or a private circle anti-social, as an institution which devotes itself to repentance, intercession, and giving of thanks for the benefit of the secular, as a propitiation in the sight of heaven, and a witness and warning before men, as the home of the helpless, and refuge of the downcast, as a common mould of character, and a bond of mutual love, and a principle of united worship to all, because it is successively the school and confessional of each; and as we believe in the efficacy of prayer, so must we prize those confraternities and institutions whose whole labor is one of spiritual love and charity towards the whole human family: but I must really beg pardon," said Mr. Arlington, somewhat embarrassed, when, on looking round, he perceived that all present were listening in silence to what he was saying; "I only intended drawing an equal parallel between the active errands of external mercy and devotion to the suffering sons and daughters of earth, which the Sisters of Charity observe in their rule, and those of a spiritual nature, which light up with such lustre the shades of the cloister."

"I feel much interested, I assure you," said Clavering; "and when I remember that so many among the great fathers and bishops of the church were *monks*, and have been the instruments in the hands of Providence for the maintenance of orthodoxy, I am surprised at myself for allowing those narrow, contracted prejudices to lurk about me."

"True, true, they were, indeed," continued Mr. Arlington. "And who, although a monk, was more busy in the crowd of men than Chrysostom? or so influential in theology as

Augustin? To whom is our personal faith more indebted than to Athanasius? who had greater sway in kings' courts than Ambrose? who more faithful in practical lessons than Pope Gregory? Even in those times when the sloth and corruption of a few brought disgrace upon all monastic bodies, they were all, as we well know, the preservers of ancient literature."

"And, as it regards the other sex," said Mrs. Botelar, "which you just now warmly defended, so far from making women idle and profitless, it is the only institution (I speak generally of the monastic rule) which has hitherto been able to give dignity, and, as it were, rank to female celibacy, and to secure an honorable and useful application of it."

"And, moreover," continued Mr. Arlington, "do not monastic institutions, above all others, most accurately and comprehensively fulfil the code of Gospel commandments, whether those which the present age does not fulfil, or those which it does? Indeed there can not, in the opinion of any reflecting and impartial person, be a doubt *who* the instances are, and *where* we must look for them, of obedience to the precepts of 'not resisting evil,' of 'turning the cheek to the smiter,' of 'selling that which we have and giving alms,' of selling all we have,' in order to be perfect; of having 'our loins girded about, and lights burning,' of 'watching and praying always,' of 'taking no thought for the morrow,' of 'taking up the cross daily,' and a number of other acts, in which are found all the humility and abnegation which are so essential to the perfection of Christian life."

"You observed, sir," said Clavering, after a pause, "that the Carmelite order is one among the most austere in the church. May I ask, pray, in what acts these austerities consist?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Arlington. "Abstinence from all that can flatter the appetite, except in case of illness, long fasts and late vigils, besides many rigorous works of penance and mortification; these, with their practical evangelical poverty, entitle it without doubt to its austere character. But really, dear madam," said he, turning to Mrs. Botelar, "the luxurious fare before us presents too striking a contrast with those rigorous fasts and long seasons of abstinence and mortification: it is enough to make us worldlings ashamed of our pampered appetites, and I think it would be more politic in us to change the subject."

Clavering's emotions were painful, as he, the next day, entered the beautiful little chapel attached to the convent in A——— street, for he was about to witness a scene which to his imagination had always been clothed with the deepest solemnity and sadness. This feeling was not at all diminished as he observed the massive iron grate on the left of the altar, with its black curtain hanging in heavy and sombre folds to the floor, particularly when he thought it would soon fall, an emblem of eternal separation, between two favored beings and that world which their virtues, intelligence, and piety had so well adorned. The chapel was soon densely crowded with persons, whose anxious faces were all turned with an impatient gaze towards the veiled choir, while their half whispered wonder and anticipations of a novelty were scarcely checked by the devout posture and low uttered prayers of those who were, in all humility, offering up their reverence and love to Almighty God. Had Clavering been less pure in purpose or less humble in spirit, the unquiet sounds which pervaded the multitude, and the constantly changing aspect of the dense crowd of human faces which thronged around him, might have sent the hectic with a feverish irritability mounting to his cheeks, but, as it was, he only turned away with a feeling of weariness, and, gathering together every thought that wandered, fixed his eyes in sweet contemplation on holier and more peaceful objects. The altar was dressed with exquisite care and taste. *There* all was quiet, and the mysterious host, veiled from profane eyes, was enshrined in light and flowers whose shades rivalled the glowing hues of dying autumn mingled with the carnation tints of spring. There religious charity and reverential affection had laid their gifts to make fair and beautiful the spot daily consecrated to the God of all, "and where," thought he, as he gazed with rapt attention, "Oh! where, if not on the sacred altar, should the rich and beautiful things of earth be gathered—where a more worthy spot than this for treasures from the deep, and gold from the mine, and dewy flowers which send upward their tribute of thanksgiving in sweet exhalations!" A lamp hung before it, whose rays are never extinguished; "but here," again

thought Clavering, "it burns through the long bright days, the pensive and religious twilight, and the silent watches of the lonely night, like a beacon star whose beams are but a faint emblem of where the undying soul should direct its hopes."

A few exquisite paintings decorated the wall, and the silent though expressive canvass arrested many a wandering and careless eye, and taught them, while they rested on those holy subjects, sweet lessons of faith, hope, and charity. Suddenly the raising of the curtain which veiled the choir aroused Clavering from his reflections; a burst of music thrilled through the church, and the most reverend archbishop and officiating clergy entered in their rich vestments, and the nuns in their full habit as they came into the choir two by two, uttering a low chaunt, and prostrating themselves before the altar in regular succession, made the whole scene solemn and impressive. The superior then led forward to their seats, next to the grate which separated them from the altar, the two novices, who, sixteen months before, had made their first profession, and taken the white veil. Except the veil and white mantle, they wore the dress of the order, which consists of a brown woollen robe confined by a leathern belt around the waist, from which hangs their rosary. A linen band conceals the upper portion of the forehead, surrounds the face, and is closely pinned under the chin; then, opening in a wider fold to cover the throat, it is concealed by the large woollen cape or scapular which forms part of their dress. When holding intercourse with strangers, or when they appear in the choir to recite their office or attend mass, a black veil entirely conceals their features. Mass was offered up by the most reverend archbishop, after which an energetic and appropriate address was made by one of the clergy to the novices. They then, through an opening in the grate, received the most holy eucharist. The superior now stepped forward and placed in the hand of each a long white wax taper dressed with flowers, and the sweet though trembling voice of Sister Cecile chanted distinctly, in Latin, these words: "Succor me, Lord! according to thy promise, and let me not be confounded in my expectations;" after which she removed from their heads the white veils that covered them, and Clavering's inmost soul was touched as he saw tears of happy devotion stealing in sweet torrents over the cheeks of those two wise virgins, who, like those of whom Jesus spoke, were determined to keep their lamps ever trimmed, filled with oil, and burning, ready for the coming of the celestial bridegroom. The black veil was then handed to the superior by the archbishop. Their tranquil faces were now veiled from the world, and Sister Cecile again chanted, "I will veil my face, O Lord, and admit of no other love." A carpet, bordered around with roses and pale orange flowers, was in the centre of the choir, on which they now prostrated themselves, the white mantles were thrown over them, and a *Te Deum* was entoned and sung in solemn and triumphant strains, and the pealing of the chapel bell joined in these exultant sounds of joy, which seemed to tell the world that two more souls had left it with its sins and temptations to become the brides of heaven. Tears fell copiously, and unrepressed sobs from the mother of Sister Cecile, and the friends of both, awakened Clavering's keenest sympathy; and, although she felt it to be a privilege and honor that her child and friend should be thus blessed with a vocation to serve heaven and heaven alone, maternal and natural emotions unsealed the fountains of their hearts, and found vent in tears which flowed freely, though untainted by sorrow or regret. After the *Te Deum* was over, the two arose from their humble posture, and, again receiving the tapers, were crowned with wreaths of white blossoms and flowers at the altar in the choir dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, which was beautifully and appropriately dressed. No tears now dimmed their eyes or wet their cheeks, but, radiant with smiles, they seemed to triumph in the attainment of their most exalted wishes, and warm was the greeting and kiss of peace and welcome with which each of the sisterhood received them. The ceremonies were over, and Clavering was handing Mrs. Boletar to her carriage, when he felt a tap on his shoulder, and a familiar voice exclaiming, in tones of delighted recognition, "Why, my dear fellow, how are you? how are you?"

He turned round, and his hand was instantly grasped by the eccentric Mr. Beverly.

"I am truly rejoiced to see you, sir," said Clavering, immediately recognising him, and introducing him to Mrs. Botelar, who at once,

and in the most affable manner, offered him a seat in her carriage, but this he gratefully declined, saying:

"With your permission, madam, I will rob you of Mr. Clavering's company for an hour, if he will consent to walk to my hotel with me."

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Botelar, "if Mr. Clavering is not afraid of the fatigue; he scarcely looks strong enough to bear so long a walk, but no doubt the society of an old friend will refresh and cheer him, so, gentlemen, hoping that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you both this evening, I wish you good day." They lifted their hats as the carriage drove off, and Mr. Beverly exclaimed:

"My dear Clavering, this meeting is quite as unexpected to me as to yourself! I little thought when we parted a few months ago at Blenheim Forest that our next meeting would be in a Catholic convent in Baltimore!"

"I am sure," said Clavering, smiling languidly, "it is a pleasure which I did not at all anticipate; in fact, I am a little surprised at finding you here."

"Oh! my dear fellow, you must make up your mind never to feel astonished at any thing concerning myself. But how did you like the ceremony of taking the veil? No doubt it was a novel one to you."

"True," replied Clavering, "and the routine of conventual life quite as strange until yesterday, when a friend enlightened me a little on the subject."

"I expect," said Mr. Beverly, laughing, "you thought as I once did, that the life of a religious was one without either temptation or hardship. Our beau ideals were finely painted in those delightful old romances which abound in tales and legends of ruined abbeys, where a cheerful sisterhood, as simple as the children they daily fed with bread and butter and goat's milk, passed uninterruptedly their happy lives away, embroidering, tending flowers, playing the lute, and making whey, without a care beyond a misplaced stitch in their needle work, a broken string, or curdled milk."

"This," replied Clavering, "would indeed be a life of physical ease, and one perfectly agreeable to human nature, more so than the vow of practical obedience and poverty."

"Do you remember Miss Betty Wilkins?" abruptly inquired Mr. Beverly.

"She who was so concerned about your spiritual welfare, if I mistake not," said Clavering.

"Yes. Well, is it not a little singular that while the finger of scorn and contumely is incessantly pointed at the inmates of a convent, and while they are decried as slothful and useless, when in fact their whole lives, from the earliest dawn of day until the mid-watches of the night, are one uninterrupted scene of industry and self-denial, that thousands who, like Miss Betty Wilkins, float about on the surface of society, and belong exclusively to the do-nothing genus, should not only be tolerated, but also held in high and holy estimation? How much better, how much more edifying is it to see 'brethren dwelling together in unity,' and exercising all those beautiful and sacred traits of patience, forbearance, and charity towards each other, which alone characterize the truly humble and pious Christian, than to spend a lifetime without an object beyond an officious meddling with the affairs of others."

"You are severe, sir," replied Clavering; "would it not be better to qualify your expressions a little? I know many seculars whose lives and time are truly devoted to the good of others, and whose facilities for finding out the poverty-stricken and afflicted, as well as the influence they may exercise in procuring them relief, render them inestimable to charity and religion."

"You are right," observed Mr. Beverly, "but after all, what are they but *nuns at large*? they only practise in the world all those dispositions which are so cherished in the convent. But the injustice, of which I was speaking just now, is really enough to provoke a better man than myself. As to the class to which Miss Betty belongs, they are good for nothing on earth but to fill up certain niches and chinks in society, and after all their vaporing about good works, why sir, by this and by that, the effects of them remind me of the old nursery song about smoke, which tells us very wisely and gravely that, though the yard is full, and the house full, you can't catch a thimble full. But, by the by, how long have you been in Baltimore, Clavering?"

"Some five or six weeks, I believe; but may I be allowed to ask where you are from last, dear sir?"

"From last!" exclaimed Mr. Beverly: "I am from every where, and, on my veracity, I

feel as if I were progressing on to no where. Four weeks ago I spent a couple of days among the Shakers at Lebanon, but I could not possibly stand it any longer; they are, without doubt, the cleanest people on earth, but their creed is too petrifying in its effects for such a temperament as mine, so I hurried off—took French leave of it—and where next do you think I went?"

"I am sure," replied Clavering, "I can not imagine; if we lived in the days of genii, I should expect to hear that you had been to Constantinople, performing your ablutions and devotions at the mosque of St. Sophia."

"I have been doing worse than that, Clavering," said Mr. Beverly, gravely; "I have been to Nauvoo, among the Mormons; but, on my honor, I met with my match there, I think!"

"How so?"

"Why, thus: they are something like myself, belong neither to heaven nor earth. Their leader is an enterprising fellow, though; he was tired of the old song of Scripture authority for every new doctrine and schism; he thought the plan was beginning to wear out, that the theme was exhausted; so he made a Bible for himself, which he says is written on plates of gold. Of course this is a great recommendation to the crowd, and, like the glittering veil of the arch impostor of Khorassan, conceals much hideous deformity. But, Clavering," said Mr. Beverly, looking intently in his face, "my dear fellow, I would fain hope that this pallid countenance, and one or two other indications of feeble health which I see about you, are but the result of the long and fatiguing walk you have taken."

"I can not tell," answered he, smiling gently; "perhaps they may be; but I have had so little time within the last year to think of myself, or any of the numerous symptoms peculiar to persons of a delicate constitution, that if there is a change, it has been so gradual that I have not observed it."

"Ah!" said Mr. Beverly, pressing his arm kindly, "your trials within that time have neither been 'few nor far between,' my dear Clavering. I heard all about them from Stanly, our mutual friend, and of course many of the good natured and kind rumors afloat about you; some say you are crazy, some visionary, some foolish, and others pity you, and say, 'Poor fellow! he had a weak mind with all his learning;' but I," continued he, slapping him energetically on the shoulder, "I say you are RIGHT; you are a hero to brave it all. After all, it is the only religion for which one has to make sacrifice, for which a man has to stand forth and do battle in the name of his great leader—GOD—(here Mr. Beverly reverently raised his hat a moment) against an upbraiding world, for which one has to forsake father, mother, ties, loves, and kindred! Sir, I respect you for your moral courage! By my honor, there is something chivalrous in becoming a Catholic!"

Clavering was quite aware that Mr. Beverly was a perfect original, but was little prepared for such decided proofs of his warm hearted and quaint genius, and while he looked at him with astonishment, replied: "Methinks, my friend, you could well appreciate this holy religion of which you are such an ardent admirer. Let me persuade you to practise all those sacred tenets and precepts with which you are so well acquainted; believe me, sir, you will find every thing that can ennoble and exalt a soul like yours in them."

"Some other time—some other time, Clavering," said Mr. Beverly, in a serious tone; "believe me when I tell you, I am not the thoughtless fellow I appear to be. No! I revere the example you have so nobly set me, and will—but lo! here we are, at our journey's end; come up to my room, and let us offer a libation to the days of 'auld lang syne.'"

"Thank you, thank you," said Clavering; "but, like you, I must say 'some other time.' I have an indispensable engagement with a reverend gentleman at three o'clock, and it is now twenty minutes past one. Do not forget that Mrs. Botelar will expect to see you this evening."

"I shall do myself the honor, certainly," said he, pressing Clavering's hand warmly, "and will avail myself of the occasion to make more particular inquiries concerning your health."

Clavering arrived at home in time to join Mrs. Botelar at the dinner table, when, excusing himself, as soon as he could with propriety do so, he hurried off to fulfil his engagement with Father Francis.*

* The author is indebted to an article in the first volume of this Magazine, on Monastic Institutions, for several ideas in the foregoing chapter.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE FIRST GRAVE.

The first person buried in Green Mount Cemetery was a very young infant.

THE city of the dead hath thrown wide its gates at last,
And, through its cold gray portal, a fun'ral train hath passed—
One grave—the first—is open, and on its lonely bed,
Some heir of sin and sorrow hath come to lay his head.

Perchance a hero cometh, whose chaplet, in its bloom,
Hath fallen from his helmet, to wither on his tomb:
It may be that hot youth comes—it may be we behold,
Here, broken at the cistern, pale beauty's bowl of gold.

Mayhap that manhood's struggle, in despite of pride and power,
Hath ended in the darkness and sadness of this hour:
Perchance some white-haired pilgrim, with travel sore oppressed,
Hath let his broken staff fall, and bent him down to rest.

But stay, behold the sepulchre! nor age, nor strength is there;
Nor fame, nor pride, nor manhood, those lagging mourners bear;
A little child is with them, as pale and pure as snow,
His mother's tears not dry yet upon his gentle brow!

The step that tottered tremblingly—the heart that faltered too,
At the faintest sound of terror his infant spirit knew—
The eye that glistened, tearful, when the shadowy eve came on—
Now show no dread of sleeping in darkness and alone.

And why, though all be lonely, should that young spirit fear,
Through midnight and through tempest—no shielding bosom near?
Ere the clod was on the coffin—ere the spade had cleft the clod—
Bright angels clad a fellow in the raiment of their God!

Green home of future thousands! how blest in sight of heaven,
Are these, the tender firstlings, that death to thee has given!
Though prayer and solemn anthem have echoed from thy hill,
This first, fresh grave of childhood hath made thee holier still!

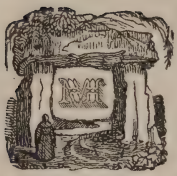
The morning flowers that deck thee shall sweeter, lovelier, bloom,
Above the spot where beauty, like theirs, hath found a tomb,
And when the evening cometh, the very stars shall keep
A vigil, as of seraphs, where innocence doth sleep!

Sweet hope! that, when the slumbers of thy pilgrims shall be o'er,
And the valley of death's shadow shall have mystery no more,
For them, the trumpet's clangor may be tuned to accents mild,
Which may bid them wear the garlands that shall crown this little child!

1845. W.

KNOWLEDGE AND BELIEF OF THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

(From the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.)



USIC.—The natives are very sensible to the charms of music. Formerly they had several sorts of instruments; at present they have only a wretched fife, with three or four holes, which wearies the ear by its sharp monotonous sounds, for they have only a small number of notes. Their musicians and poets perform and compose extempore with astonishing facility. One is often surprised at hearing several natives execute a piece which one of them composes according as they play it. Their songs, particularly those which have for subject the absence of a relative or friend, contain noble thoughts, tender and elevated sentiments, and touches truly lyrical; but they are disfigured by common-places, trivial ideas, and frequent repetitions.

Painting.—Although they understand but very little of painting, they are, however, very fond of daubing the fronts of their houses, as well as their war canoes, and every thing else which has been wrought with any care; red is their favorite color.

Sculpture.—The art of carving is that which they know the best, and to which they apply themselves the most; the tombs, cabins, arms, canoes, and several household utensils are ornamented with figures, of which one may admire the regularity, proportions, and outlines; but one would desire more variety.

Medicine.—Although New Zealand abounds in medicinal plants, the natives only know, as simples, the *pua*, the *ruruhau*, the *ti*, and the *korau*, which they employ as coolers, the root and leaf of the *phormium*, and the root of the *renga-renga*, which they heat and apply upon the diseased parts, particularly upon tumors and abscesses. When a person feels an external pain, he lies upon the ground, and another islander tramples upon the affected part to cure it. The manner of dressing wounds is not less strange; after being bruised with a stone, they are kept exposed to the smoke. For internal diseases they possess no remedies at all. The person who is attacked with them stretches himself in desperation upon the ground, and orders a Maori priest to be consulted, in order to know whether he can reckon on any chance of recovery. The priest places himself opposite a machine composed of small pieces of wood, and observes with attention the motion that it will receive from the wind: if the augury be unfavorable, he announces that the sick person will die. From that moment he receives no food; his family abandons him; he is left a prey to the god, who, they believe, is devouring his flesh and interior; thus the prognostic of the superstitious priest never fails to be accomplished, for the patient is always sure to die, if not of sickness, at least of hunger.

Dreams and ghosts.—When an islander has had a dream, he does not fail to inform all his village of it; forthwith every one hastens, and all crowd around him to hear the recital of his dream with its most childish circumstances; the elders and old women interpret the obscurities of it; they notify to the neighboring hamlets and tribes the nocturnal vision, together with the commentaries on it; and these determine the great enterprises of our poor savages, and even regulate their manner of acting.

They also believe as willingly in ghosts as in dreams; oftentimes, in the middle of the night, when the whole island is sunk into silence and repose, shrieks of terror resound from all quarters, the women are in lamentation, and the entire village in dismay, because the shade of a parent, a friend, or a chief killed in battle, has appeared to some person during sleep.

Before undertaking a war they consult the soothsayer; if, whilst the priest is inspecting the entrails of the victims, the cry of an owl be heard, it is a bad omen; but if a falcon flutter over the head of the warriors, the enemy will be defeated.

They employ also another means to foresee the issue of a campaign; a young lad takes a

number of sticks, equal to the number of the belligerent tribes; he levels a certain space of ground, plants in it the sticks like pins upon two parallel lines, representing the two armies in array, and retires to a little distance to observe the effect that the wind will produce. If the sticks, which represent the enemy, fall back, the enemy will be overthrown; if forward, he will be victorious; if they fall obliquely, the victory will be doubtful.

Fears.—The ardent imagination of the New Zealanders, and their thousand superstitions, cause them to live under the dominion of continual terror. In the dark, they are sad and melancholy; they think they see phantoms, hear the whistling of the Maori gods, and see monsters roving about them, which are ready to strike them with sickness or death. To pass the night without light would be torture for them; in the dark they can neither speak nor sleep; they scarcely venture to breathe, and when you show them a light, they cry out, "Now we begin to live!"

But the light does not dissipate all their fears; there is a belief amongst them that the violation of the *tapous* is always punished by some great misfortune, whilst fidelity to these superstitious rites secures a long life, good health, and many other great advantages. Their belief places almost every where the god *Taniwa,* watching the prevaricators to devour them. The chiefs also impose penalties, which they proportion according to the importance of the *tapou* which has been violated. Sometimes they are mere reprimands; very often they consist of blows, or in the confiscation of a property; death even may be inflicted as a punishment of this pretended sacrilege.

And what are these *tapous?* Although I do not as yet clearly understand in what they consist, still I will tell you what I have learned on the subject. The person who has rendered the last duties to a relation or a friend, or who has approached a dead body, is *tapou:* he must lie prostrate, he can not use his hands in taking his food, and, if he finds no friend disposed to feed him, he is reduced to eat after the manner of the beasts: you understand now that *tapou* is nearly synonymous with sacred.

Every thing is liable to the *tapou:* men, animals, inanimate things, places, political and religious affairs. Thus all the savages who have touched a dead body, those who have prepared the ground to sow the *kaumaras,* those who have sown them, the fields where they grow, as well as those in which they do not come up, are *tapous:* the herbs that spring up at the foot of the trees are also *tapous* for certain persons, and if any others than those whom the law appoints dared to pull them, the trees, say the savages, would perish. At the time of the great fishing, the spot where the preparations are made, the nets which are to be employed, and the river in which they are to be cast, are all *tapous;* one must keep at a respectable distance, until the islander who presides has taken and eaten a fish; the *atamira* (burial-ground) and the place where a person dies, are also *tapous;* the house in which a chief has just expired, and the things which have belonged to him, are subjected to a *tapou,* which can not be removed: they must be burned. From this comes the practice of carrying the dying into the open air, or under some shelter which they hastily form. The *hangis,* or kitchens, are *tapou* for the chiefs, who are forbidden to sleep, eat, or warm themselves in them. The heads of the latter are always *tapou.* Amongst the *tapou* animals, two kinds of birds are distinguished, the *tui* and the *izie;* Maoui, the creator of New Zealand, has bestowed a portion of his mind on the latter. The old inhabitants had songs in honor of these birds.

The origin of the *tapous* is variously derived: some are attributed to the gods of the country, others to the chief of the tribes and to the priests. They are established by pronouncing with precipitation some words of an unintelligible jargon; and to remove them a sacred stick is passed over the right shoulder of the *tapou* person, then across his loins, next over his left shoulder; the stick is broken in two, and buried in the earth, or else burned; others throw it in the water; after this operation the islander is restored to the condition of the profane.

Maori Priesthood.—The persons of distinction only are admitted to the sacred functions; and it is not rare to see chiefs of tribes resign the sceptre to one of their children, in order to be raised to the sacerdotal dignity. The ministry of the priests is confined to consulting the auguries, to giving to the children the sort of baptism of which we have spoken in the

beginning, to conjuring the storms, to making prayers for the health of men, for success in war, for the preservation and thriving of the fruits, and to obtain winds favorable to the navigators, and a gentle rain for the parched fields. Sometimes the women share with their husbands the honors of the priesthood, and our credulous islanders are simple enough to regard the dreams of these priestesses as revelations, and their ridiculous decisions as oracles.

Marriage.—There are three sorts of marriages among the natives: the first is concluded through the deliberation of the chiefs and parents, with the mere acquiescence of the young man and young girl; in the second alone does the inclination of the future husband and wife appear to be consulted. The New Zealander, who has decided upon taking a companion, proceeds to the residence of the person that has attracted his choice, he embraces her after the *Maori* fashion, by striking his nose against hers, he weeps for a long while by her side, he repeats to her in his songs all the sentiments that he wishes should be mutual, and, in fine, asks of her her hand; it is in this marriage that the chiefs interpose, in order to ascertain whether the consent of the woman may have been extorted through fear. The third kind is rather an abduction than a marriage: the wooer, apprehending a refusal from her whom he wishes to obtain, has recourse to violence, and carries her away from her family. A bloody contest then takes place between the partisans of the aggressor and the insulted tribe; but if the aggressor can conceal the girl from the pursuit of her relatives during three or four days, he has a prescriptive right in his favor: she has become his lawful wife, and both parties lay down their arms.

Polygamy is forbidden amongst the people, although every New Zealander is permitted to send away his companion, when she has no longer the good fortune to please him, and to form another union. As to the chiefs, the number of their wives is regulated by their dignity: the first has a greater number than his subordinates; yet one woman alone is considered as his spouse. It is unnecessary to remark that here, as every where else, where polygamy is established, it brings in its train an infinite number of crimes; besides the jealousies, dissensions and quarrels, which it creates and perpetuates in the families, it is the most general source of the infanticides and suicides which spread mourning and sorrow amongst the tribes.

The Dead.—So soon as a person is dead, particularly if it be a chief, messengers carry the intelligence to the friends of the deceased and to the neighboring tribes; his nearest relation closes his eyes; he is then rubbed with green *phormium*, in order to remove, say the natives, the remains of his disease; his hair is arranged with elegance and adorned with leaves; he is dressed with magnificence and laid in a coffin, hung on the inside with green, and painted on the outside in red and white colors: in this state the body is exposed to the public view, and every one comes to offer to it their last demonstrations of affection. Until the sun has risen and set thrice, the air resounds day and night with funeral songs and cries of lamentation. To express their attachment to the deceased, his relations, friends and slaves tear their body in a horrible manner, tracing in curved lines bloody marks upon their faces, breasts, shoulders, and arms. The time of burial having arrived, the men and women accompany the funeral to the *atamira*, or burial-ground, singing in turn, as they proceed, the hymn of mourning. If the deceased be a chief, the coffin is placed upon an elevated mausoleum in the form of a column, ornamented with carving and painted red; the bodies of the people are suspended to the branches of trees. There is placed beside the tomb of the warrior his *mere-pounamu*, his *mére-parawa*, and his other arms, because he has need of them, they say, to carry on war in the regions of night. The funeral being concluded, those who have taken part in it go to purify themselves in the next river.

If one asks of the natives why they suspend in the air their deceased relatives, "We wish," they answer, "that they may be always present to our eyes, and that they may in some sort still live amongst us; buried in the earth, they would be incommoded and could travel only with difficulty in the paths of night: when war obliges us to quit our valleys, we carry them more easily with us; for we could not separate ourselves from the ashes of our fathers."

The Maori nation has an attachment and respect for the dead beyond expression. They love, honor, and almost adore those whom they had despised and hated whilst living.

For the *atamira* an elevated place is selected by preference, and one that is solitary and covered with thick trees. It is subjected to the most terrible of all the *tapous:* he who would dare to violate it would offer an outrageous insult to the nation, and would be mercilessly punished with death. If, however, he escaped the vengeance of man, he would not escape, say our islanders, either in this world or in the other, the wrath of the implacable *Taniwa,* the cruel god who chastises the violators of the *tapou.*

Several tribes assemble once in the year in the *atamira,* in order to take down from the trees the remains of their dead, and to deposit them in the interior of the sacred wood. This translation is called the *hahunga;* it has in it something imposing to strangers. The order of the ceremony is as follows: the chief persons strike the coffin with a stick, pronouncing at the same time some magical words; it is then laid on the ground; the burial clothes are replaced by other ornaments, and the first of the chiefs, taking it on his shoulders, advances, followed by a crowd and preceded by a man who carries in his hand the branch of a tree, towards the place of interment. There the corpse is placed upon a layer of leaves, the flesh is buried in a grave, and an old woman, streaming with oil and pompously decked out, receives the skull in the folds of her mantle. The *pihe,* or dead song, then commences; long and noisy speeches follow next; and, finally, after having painted the bones white and red, they tie them in a bundle, to deposit them in their last asylum. Before separating, the natives pass several days in rejoicings, and load each other with presents.

Future life.—I have ascertained that the New Zealanders have always believed that there is in us a substance superior to matter, and that a future life, happy or miserable, awaits us beyond the tomb. The journey which they state the deceased to make, evidently supposes this belief. They say that the dead person in leaving this world goes to enter on the *Tuknaiatua,* (the name of the path which leads to the realms of death.) This way leads him to an avenue, called *Piritu;* he ascends and descends, reposes and sighs after the light; and after having resumed his march, he arrives in a house called *Ana;* he quits it immediately, finds another way, which is terminated by a rivulet, of which the waters produce a plaintive murmur; he passes over the hill of *Herangi,* and he has reached *Reinga,* (hell.) Then quitting the inferior regions, which are situated beneath the sea, he removes the transparent veil, which is found at the entrance of the way of *Motatau,* and gains the aerial plains; after having there warmed himself in the rays of the sun, he enters again into night, in which he is given up to sadness, to sufferings, and disease; he thence comes back to the world to resume his bones, and returns to *Reinga* for a long period of years. Several of my neophytes have drawn my attention to the relation of this belief with the dogma of the resurrection. Our poor idolaters believe also that the dead, raised to life after a long sojourn in *Reinga,* die a second time, and perform anew the journey of night; that they rise and die again, until their bodies are transformed into a certain worm, which they call *toke,* and which is often seen when digging in the earth. The life of *Reinga* is, in other respects, according to them, quite similar to the present life: they experience in it the same wants, and there are in it the same customs and relations; this notion explains the reason why they kill their slaves on the death of their master, and why the women put themselves to death beside the bier of their husbands, unless they have children who claim their care and affection.

Before the preaching of the Gospel, the New Zealanders did not reserve immortality to themselves alone; they granted it also to their dogs; and they sent them after their death to another world, called *Waiowaowao.*

This would be the place to speak of their theogony; but what I have learned of it as yet, is so incoherent, that it is impossible for me to reduce it to any order. I think, however, that I can add to what I have said upon *Taniwa,* some particulars upon the Maori god, *Wiro,* who is made to play an important part in *Reinga:* they suppose him occupied in injuring the dead, who are travelling in the regions of night, in reducing their bodies to dust, in keeping them even in slavery; he leaves them no other freedom than that of appearing to their friends by nocturnal whistling. Hence the attention of the islanders to observe the smallest noises that are heard in the dark. If I be not deceived, the god *Wiro* is only a parody on Satan.

NOTICE OF THE MOST REV. JAMES WHITFIELD,

FOURTH METROPOLITAN OF THE UNITED STATES.

WHITFIELD was born at Liverpool, in England, on the 3d of November, 1770. His father, James Whitfield, a respectable merchant of that city, gave him the advantages of a liberal education. At the age of seventeen he was bereft of his father, and became the protector of his mother. To assuage her grief and restore her sinking health, he accompanied her to Italy. On his return from that country, where he had been for some time engaged in mercantile pursuits, he found himself in France at the time when Napoleon had decreed that every Englishman in France was a prisoner. He spent the greater part of his exile in Lyons, where he became acquainted with the Rev. Ambrose Maréchal, who was then professor of theology in that city, and was afterwards promoted to the archiepiscopal see of Baltimore. The piety of his youth inclined his mind to the sacerdotal state, and he commenced the study of divinity under the direction of his learned and pious friend. He distinguished himself by his solid judgment and persevering industry, and his illustrious professor was often heard to relate the anecdote, that his fellow-students would frequently request him to cause the young Englishman to recite, so much were they taken with the elegance of his diction, and the perspicuity of his arguments. In the year 1809 he was ordained priest in the city of Lyons. After the death of his mother he returned to England, and was employed in the discharge of parochial duties in the town of Crosby.

"When Dr. Maréchal was elected to the see of Baltimore, he wrote to Mr. Whitfield, earnestly soliciting him to give his assistance to the flock which Providence had placed under his charge. He complied with the request of his former friend, and landed on our shores on the 8th of September, 1817. He was immediately appointed one of the pastors of St. Peter's church, in Baltimore, and performed the duties annexed to that office with zeal and piety. In 1825, by a special indult of the court of Rome, Archbishop Maréchal conferred on him and two other distinguished ecclesiastics of Baltimore, the degree of doctor of divinity. The ceremony was one of the highest interest to the Catholics of that city, who hailed with joy the commencement of a theological faculty on this side of the Atlantic."

The health of Archbishop Maréchal having much declined, he applied to the holy see for the appointment of a coadjutor who might succeed him in his important charge. The name of Mr. Whitfield was first on the list, to receive the sanction of his holiness, and by a brief dated the 8th of January, 1828, he was appointed coadjutor to Dr. Maréchal, with the title of bishop of Apollonia: the brief, however, not having reached America until after the demise of Dr. Maréchal, Mr. Whitfield was consecrated archbishop of Baltimore, on the 25th of May.

His career in this elevated station was marked with prudence and zeal. One of the first acts of his administration was to visit his diocess, which numbered at that time fifty-two clergymen, and from sixty to eighty thousand Catholics. Discovering by his own personal observation the vast good to be accomplished in the field which had been confided to his cultivation, and the comparatively slender resources at his command for the wants of religion, the new prelate exerted himself at once in order to obtain the necessary aid for the erection of churches and the establishment of useful institutions. With this view he addressed himself, as he had been requested to do by his lamented predecessor, to the grand almoner of France, and to the association for the propagation of the faith, which has rendered such important services to the Catholic missions throughout the world. In his letter to this excellent society he gave a minute account of the state of religion in his diocess at that period, which will always be consulted as a valuable historical document.

"Through the solicitude of Archbishop

Whitfield was held the first provincial council, which spread universal satisfaction through the Catholic congregations of this country, and exhibited so gratifying a contrast between the state of religion a few years before, when it presented but one prelate in the exercise of episcopal authority, and its then flourishing condition, which could number eight bishops presiding over its spiritual concerns."

This imposing assembly was opened on Sunday, the 4th of October, 1829, in the metropolitan church of Baltimore. The M. Rev. archbishop celebrated high mass. The same day had been appointed by him for his reception of the *pallium*. This ceremony was performed by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Flaget, the present bishop of Louisville and the venerable patriarch of the American hierarchy. Dr. England, the eloquent bishop of Charleston, preached on the occasion in his usual powerful and captivating style. During the council the bishops held a private session every morning, and in the afternoon the clergy of the second order assembled in presence of the fathers to present their reports on the questions which had been submitted to their examination. Various matters regarding discipline, morals, and the administration of the sacraments, were taken into consideration, and thirty-eight decrees were passed, containing the most salutary regulations for the observance of the clergy and the most wholesome instructions for the laity.

The council closed its session on the 18th of October, after having conducted all things with an order and unanimity which gave universal satisfaction. Alluding to this subject, Archbishop Whitfield remarked that the prelates, before the opening of the synod, had but a distant knowledge of each other, and been united by that sentiment of respect which the episcopal character must always inspire; but that their official reunion had afforded an opportunity of forming a more intimate relation, and after meeting together in the unreserved interchange of views, they felt that a closer alliance had taken place among them, and they separated for their respective sees entertaining for each other the most friendly sentiments. The deliberations of the synod were very imposing in the eyes of the Catholic community: and such was the feeling of reverence they inspired, that three distinguished jurisconsults, who had been admitted into the presence of the bishops, to give their opinion relative to certain points of civil law, left the session-room with sentiments of the most profound respect and admiration. "We have stood," they said, "before courts of justice that were well calculated to awe the spectator; but we never felt so little confidence in ourselves as when we assisted at that august assembly."*

Among the subjects that attracted the earnest attention of the provincial council, and were enlarged upon in the pastoral letter which they addressed to the Catholics of the United States, was the importance of spreading among the people such publications as are adapted to the explanation and defence of our holy religion. The remarks of the bishops on this head are of so practical a character at the present time, that they will doubtless be read with interest.

"Amongst the various misfortunes to which we have been exposed, one of the greatest is misrepresentation of the tenets, the principles and the practices of our church. This is not the place to account for the origin and continuance of this evil; we merely remind you of the melancholy fact. Good men—men otherwise well informed, deeply versed in science, in history, in politics; men who have improved their education by their travels abroad, as well as they who have merely acquired the very rudiments of knowledge at home; the virtuous women who influence that society which they decorate, and, yielding to the benevolence of their hearts, desire to extend useful knowledge; the public press, the very bench of public justice, have been all influenced by extraordinary efforts directed against us; so that from the very highest place in our land to all its remotest borders, we are exhibited as what we are not, and charged with maintaining what we detest. Repetition has given to those statements a semblance of evidence; and groundless assertions, remaining almost uncontradicted, wear the appearance of admitted and irrefragable truth. It is true that, during some years past, an effort has been made to uphold a periodical publication in the south, which has refuted some of those allegations; but we say with regret that it has been permitted to languish for want of ordinary support, and must, we are informed, be discontinued, un-

* Annals of the Prop., vol. iv, p. 243.

less it receives your more extended patronage.* Other publications for similar objects have lately been established in Boston and in Hartford.† We would advise you to encourage well conducted works of this description. If you look around and see how many such are maintained, for their own purposes, by our separated brethren, it will indeed be a matter of reproach should we not uphold at least a few of our own.

"But not only are the misrepresentations of which we complain propagated so as to affect the mature, but with zeal worthy of a better cause, and which some persons have exhibited in contrast with our seeming apathy, the mind of the very infant is predisposed against us by the recitals of the nursery; and the school boy can scarcely find a book in which some one or more of our institutions or practices is not exhibited far otherwise than it really is, and greatly to our disadvantage: the entire system of education is thus tinged throughout its whole course, and history itself has been distorted to our serious injury. We have during a long time been oppressed by this evil, and from a variety of causes have found it almost impossible to apply any remedy; but we have deemed it expedient now to make some effort towards a beginning. We have, therefore, associated ourselves and some others, whom we deem well qualified for that object, to encourage the publication of elementary books free from any of those false colorings, and in which, whilst our own feelings are protected, those of our fellow-citizens of other religious denominations shall be respected. We should desire also to see our histories corrected, as that of England has been by the judicious and erudite Doctor Lingard; that our standard books should be carefully and faithfully printed under proper supervision, and even that temperate and useful explanatory essays to exhibit and vindicate truth, should be written without harsh or unkind expressions, and published, so that our brethren might have better opportunities of knowing us as we really are, and not imagine us to be what, in bad times, unprincipled and interested men have exhibited as our picture."*

"The fortune of Archbishop Whitfield was considerable, and it was generally consecrated to the purposes of religion. The cathedral of Baltimore experienced his liberality as well as his zeal in the erection of the noble tower which was begun and completed during his administration. To finish this beautiful structure was an object which he had greatly at heart, and to effect it he adopted a plan for raising subscriptions, similar to that which has been followed with so much success in Europe, by the association for the propagation of the faith."

A considerable portion of the funds that were necessary to erect the archiepiscopal mansion, in the rear of the cathedral, was contributed by the archbishop from his private means.

"The beautiful edifice of St. James' church in Baltimore, is another and more striking evidence of the zeal and munificence of Archbishop Whitfield, having been constructed entirely at his own expense. He laid the corner stone of the building on the 1st of May, 1833, and on the same day of the following year he performed the ceremony of consecration, assisted by several clergymen from the cathedral and St. Mary's seminary. The Rev. Dr. Damphoux delivered a very impressive discourse on the occasion, characterized by its impassioned eloquence and felicitous illustrations. The archbishop lived only to see the completion of the edifice, and to supply it with the worthy pastor whose active services and refined taste contributed so largely to the elegance of its improvements.

"In the course of the summer of 1834, he was advised by his physician to visit the springs for the renovation of his health, which appeared to be rapidly declining. But notwithstanding the efforts of medical skill to

*It is gratifying to perceive that this excellent weekly, the Miscellany, the oldest among the Catholic periodicals of this country, is continued with great energy and ability. We wish it an ever prosperous career.

†The papers here alluded to have been discontinued. At the present time there are eleven strictly Catholic periodicals in the United States; eight weeklies, two monthlies, and one quarterly, besides the issue of occasional tracts.

* The establishment of the *Metropolitan Press* at St. Mary's seminary, Baltimore, has enabled its conductors to carry out in part the design contemplated by the bishops. Many excellent works have been issued from this press, and at such a moderate price as to place them within the reach of the poorer classes. Much has also been done in this way by the Catholic press at Cincinnati. In addition to this, the publication of Catholic works in general has received a great impulse within a few years past, and so far as the facilities for useful information have been increased, the publishers deserve well of the community.

arrest the progress of his disease, its symptoms became daily more alarming, and he expired on the nineteenth of October, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

"Of Archbishop Whitfield may be said what can be said of few, that he entered the career of honors in wealth, and left it poor. Prudence and energy were traits in his character, very observable to those who had an opportunity of duly appreciating it, and many acts of his administration have been censured, because, through a spirit of charity and forbearance towards his neighbor, he abstained from exposing to public view the grounds that justified and compelled such a course of proceeding. If there was more or less austerity in his manner, it did not prevent him from cherishing with paternal feelings, and promoting by frequent acts of benevolence, the happiness of the indigent and the orphan. Fond of retirement, and indifferent to the opinions of the world, he seemed particularly solicitous to merit the favor of Him who seeth in secret, and is always prepared to award the crown of justice to his faithful servants."

THE WIDOW'S MITE.*

BY ROBERT R. J. PRICE.

HITHER, ye rich! for the poor and the needy
  Into the treasury let your gifts flow!
Of your abundance make others the sharers;
  Let not your right hand the left's bounty know!
Comes that sad woman—disconsolate, lonely—
  Comes she to offer a trifle so small?
Two brazen pieces?—a drop in the ocean!
  Pause, ere you judge her! *That drop is her all!*

Mark how yon usurer, haggard and care-worn,
  Parting with gold as his heart's dearest blood,
Fears to unloosen the tide-gate of fortune,
  And turn from its current Pactolus' bright flood,
While the poor, husbandless daughter of sorrow
  Casts on the waters the bread of to-day;
Where shall she look for substance to-morrow?
  The LORD is her helper—HE will repay!

The grape-vine ('tis said), by blood if ensanguined,
  Its life-giving power imbibes at the root:
The tendrils gain strength—enriched are its juices—
  Empurpled in color, more luscious its fruit.
So charity's seed, by pity's tear watered,
  And warmed upon earth by the sunshine of love,
Shall spring into life—a life everlasting—
  In gardens of bliss, in the realms above!

* St. Luke, chap. xxi.

New York, June, 1845.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

Asia.—*China.*—The following is an extract from a letter of Mr. Robertson, interpreter of the British plenipotentiary in China, to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Besy, bishop-administrator of Nankin. "Monseigneur,—I am greatly delighted with your acquaintance. It is true, I am a Protestant; nevertheless, I am compelled to admire the heroism, the devotedness, and the superiority of the Catholic missionaries in China. It is a proof that your religion does not consist in idle talk, but proceeds from the heart.—*Cath. Cab.*

Mexico.—We learn from the *Propagateur Catholique*, that the Lazarists, or priests of the mission, have been established in Mexico; and that the success of the "Sisters of Charity," whose existence in Mexico dates from 1841, is most consoling. They have organized a novitiate, which was soon filled with inmates, have opened various houses of education for the poor, and were about to take charge of an extensive hospital. The children of St. Vincent have been received by the Mexicans with the greatest enthusiasm; the latter seem to have laid aside all feeling of nationality in the cause of religion:—the Lazarists and the "Sisters" being natives of Spain.—*Cath. Cabinet.*

Texas.—The Ursuline nuns, who have a flourishing establishment in New Orleans, have purchased a valuable property in Galveston, for the sum of ten thousand dollars, for the purpose of establishing a house of their order in that city, in which they may impart a solid and religious education to the Texan female youth. We hope that this arduous mission will soon be blessed with a good supply of laborers. The excellent and zealous prelate charged with the care of this vicariate, has lately set out on a visit to Europe, for the purpose of procuring assistance in his apostolic labors.—*Ib.*

Late Arrivals.—The last accounts from Europe make no new announcements of any importance.

The Maynooth grant bill is advancing rapidly towards its adoption. Affairs in Switzerland are assuming a more tranquil aspect. In Spain Don Carlos has relinquished his claims to the throne.

DOMESTIC.

Diocess of New York.—*Confirmation.*—At the eight o'clock mass on the 18th May, at the Cathedral, the Rt. Rev. Dr. McCloskey administered the sacrament of confirmation and the first communion to about two hundred persons, several of whom, we are credibly informed, are converts.

The same sacrament was recently administered at the French church of St. Vincent de Paul, to more than fifty persons, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hughes. The congregation of St. Vincent's church has been steadily and rapidly progressing in numbers since it passed under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Mr. Lafont.

Great attention has been paid to the Sunday school, and there is also a large and flourishing day school attached to the church. Perhaps no Catholic congregation in our city is more rapidly progressing.

Ordination.—On Sunday, 18th May, an imposing rite was performed by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hughes—the conferring of the holy order of priesthood on the Rev. Messrs. Francis P. McFarland, Valentine Burgos, Patrick McKenna, and ——— McMenomey, of St. John's, Rose Hill.

New Church.—The corner-stone of St. Columba's church, situated upon 25th st. near 8th avenue, in Chelsea, was laid, according to announcement, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hughes, on the 22d May.

The Rt. Rev. prelate prefaced the ceremony by an appropriate address to the large audience assembled upon the occasion, which certainly must have amounted to several thousand persons.

The erection of the new parish was much called for by the urgent wants of the Catholics of Chelsea, whose numbers have rapidly increased within the last few years.

The church is in a forward state. The foundations are nearly finished, and we anticipate the speedy completion of a neat superstructure which will prove an ornament to that portion of the city, as yet possessing few public buildings.

The greatest praise is due to the Rev. Joseph P. Burke for the zeal and energy with which this most important and useful undertaking has been prosecuted.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

Diocess of Boston.—*Confirmation.*—The sacrament of confirmation was administered in St. Mary's church on Sunday last, by the Right Rev. Bishop Fitzpatrick, to about one hundred and thirty persons, mostly children. The ceremony was very impressive. The bishop preached both in the fore and afternoon.—*Boston Pilot, May 24th.*

On Sunday last the sacrament of confirmation was administered in the church of St. Nicholas, East Boston, to sixty persons, the one half of whom were adults. There was a regular gradation of age from nine years to fifty. Among those confirmed was a lady over whose head sixty-nine winters had passed.—*Boston Tablet, June 12th.*

Diocess of Pittsburg.—*Religious Profession.*—On Tuesday, 15th May, in St. Paul's cathedral, Sister Mary Xavier (Miss Eliza J. Tiernan), and Sister Philomena (Miss Margaret Read), received from the hands of the bishop the black veil of the order of Sisters of Mercy.—*Pittsburg Catholic.*

Mr. Editor:—As your readers must be always anxious to hear of the progress of our holy religion, I think a descriptionof a Catholic settlement in Elk county, and of the celebration there on the festival of Corpus Christi, would not be uninteresting to them.

About two years ago a large tract of land consisting of sixty thousand acres was purchased in Elk county by Mr. Bensinger, a wealthy and pious Catholic of Baltimore. It was his intention to sell it out in small tracts to his industrious fellow-countrymen from Germany, who are so much scattered throughout the union, and frequently are deprived of the opportunity of practising the duties inculcated by this holy faith, and showing forth that bright example of true piety and virtue, for which many of them are so remarkable.

Already the settlement has increased beyond the most sanguine expectations of those who were most interested in it, and at present St. Marystown has a population of over one hundred families. The company gave a donation of four hundred acres to the priests of the order of Redemptorists, who have erected a large and suitable seminary for the education of students belonging to the order, and a neatly finished chapel, which accommodates the congregation, numbering about five hundred persons. The seminary is situated on a beautiful eminence near the centre of the town, commanding a romantic view over a vast extent of the country. The lower part of the college is divided into sixteen rooms with a large corridor in the centre, and the upper part is entirely taken up by the chapel, hall, and gallery. The chapel is finished in the most chaste style, the walls and ceiling being lined with paper, on which is drawn the likeness of some enchanting flowers, to bring to our remembrance the sweet odor which sanctity exhales. The painting over the altar (which is in a recess, having on each side two vestries, and over them two oratories,) has been brought from Europe, and inspires with feelings of devotion any one who enters, mildly reminding the person that the ground on which he walks is dedicated to the Most High under the invocation of the Virgin Mary. First mass was said on Thursday, at six o'clock, by the Rev. Father Jappert, at which many of the sons and daughters of Mary partook of that "bread of heaven," which their religion declares to be as necessary for the spiritual support and nourishment of their souls in preparing for the next life, as material food is for the sustenance of their bodies in providing for the present. High mass commenced at 8 o'clock, and was sung with an exposition of the blessed sacrament by the Rev. Mr. Prendergast, of Bellefonte. After the Epistle, the first benediction was given, and many a heart bounded with joy, when, amidst the chant of the "*ecce panis angelorum,*" the military fired many a salute, breaking the silence that reigned for miles around, and which heretofore was only interrupted by the wild cry of the animals of the desert. After the Gospel, a sermon on the holy eucharist was preached by the Rev. Mr. Prendergast; and after high mass, which ended at 10 o'clock, another was delivered in the German language by Father Jappert. Immediately after his sermon the procession was arranged in the following order: first, the boys preceded by a cross-bearer, then came the girls, after them the women repeating the prayers of the confraternity, next came the chanters, about thirty men, then the brothers who teach the day school, next came little girls (clad in virgin whiteness) bearing baskets of flowers, which they scattered before the blessed sacrament, then the priests bearing the sacrament in a gold ostensorium, having on each side twelve men bearing candles, next came the military, and after them a long line of men, Catholics and Protestants, who walked three deep. The procession was about a half mile in length, and all passed off in a most orderly manner without the least interruption. There were four altars, beautifully adorned, erected throughout St. Marystown, at which a benediction was given alternately by Rev. Messrs. Prendergast and Jappert. It was a most imposing spectacle to behold persons collected from various nations united by a *common faith*, kneeling with warm devotion before the "altar of Catholicity."

When the procession returned about one o'clock to the seminary, the "*Te Deum*" was sung, and all separated, highly pleased with what they had winessed that day in a place which only a few years ago was a pathless wilderness.

At another time I will give you a description of an Irish settlement within four miles of St. Mary's, where land can be purchased for a few dollars, and where much of that hardship and suffering could be avoided, which are incidental to families who lurk around our large cities.—*Pittsb. Catholic.*

Diocess of Cincinnati.—*Ordination.*—Seven scholastics of the Society of Jesus received the ecclesiastical tonsure and four minor orders, in St. Peter's cathedral, last Sunday, 25th May.

John B. Duerinck, S. J., on the same day, was ordained subdeacon, on the Monday following, deacon—and on Thursday (to-day) the same Rev. gentleman was ordained priest by Rt. Rev. J. B. Purcell, D. D., bishop of Cincinnati.—*Catholic Tel.*

New Churches.—The Right Rev. Bishop Purcell laid the corner-stones of new churches during the past week at Canton, Starke county, Ohio, Fulton, in the same county, and at Columbus on Sunday, the 25th inst. The Catholics of Chilicothe intend to build two churches to accommodate the German and English Catholics.—*Ib.*

Arrivals.—The Rev. P. O'Meally, recently ordained in Europe for the diocess of Cincinnati, has returned to America, with several ladies of the Society of *Notre Dame*, and a clerical student. Their arrival was soon followed by that of Rev. Mr. Machebeuf with a brother priest from the diocess of Clermont, and a band of eleven ladies of the order of the Ursulines, from Beaulieu and Boulogne, in France, for the same diocess.

Diocess of Louisville.—*St. Joseph's College.* We are much gratified to learn that this institution is in a flourishing condition. Its prospects are now brighter than they have been for several years. The institution has at present about one hundred and fifty scholars, of whom more than seventy are boarders; and new students are constantly entering from the south and west. The discipline is excellent, and we augur for the college a full revival of its former prosperity, ere it had passed through the fiery ordeal. We have reason to believe that it will be organized for the next session under more favorable circumstances than ever.—*Cath. Adv.*

Diocess of Charleston.—*Sisters of Mercy.*—We stated on a previous occasion that the Rev. J. F. O'Neill, the zealous and indefatigable pastor of Savannah, Geo., has been engaged in erecting a house in that city, for an orphan asylum and school, to be conducted by these sisters. The large and elegant edifice has just been finished, and six of the sisters left the parent institution in this city yesterday, for the purpose of establishing a new house in Savannah. We trust their sacrifice of self in the cause of charity, and their devoted exertions, may be blessed with ample success.—*U. S. Catholic Miscellany.*

Diocess of St. Louis.—*Ordinations.*—On the 25th of April, an ordination was held in the cathedral church, and the following gentlemen admitted to orders: Thomas Scanlan to tonsure; Thomas Scanlan and Denis Byrne to the four minor orders; John Higgingbotham to subdeaconship, and William Wheeler to priesthood.

On the 16th of May, an ordination was held in the same church, when Augustine Acquarone, of the Congregation of the Mission, was ordained deacon.

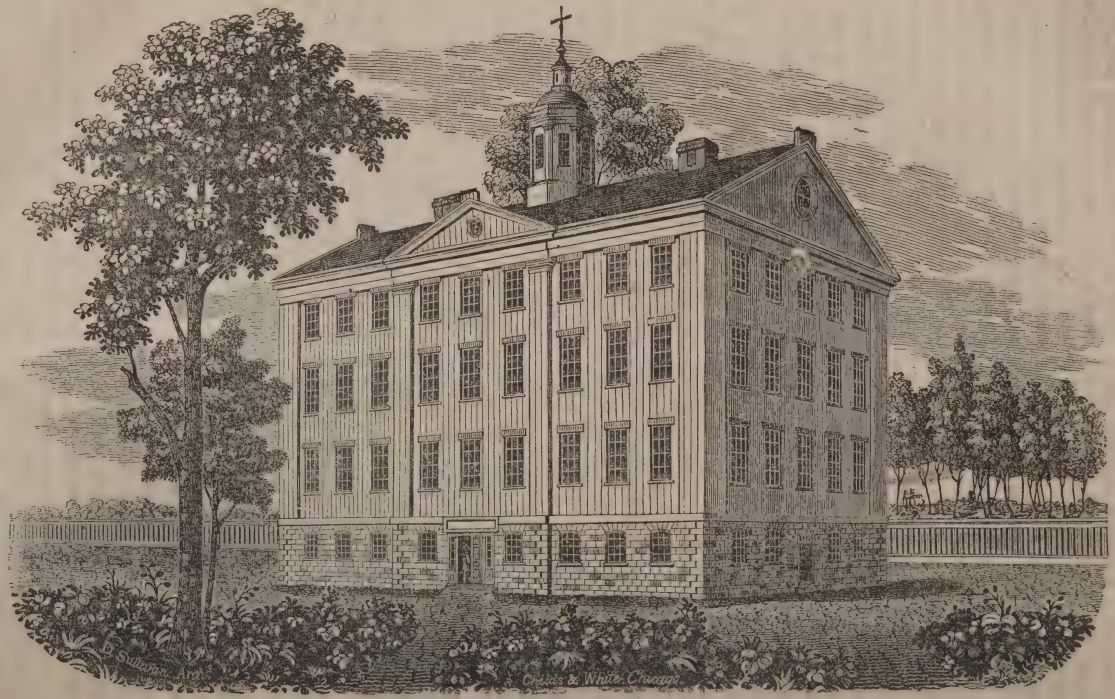
On the 17th of May, being Saturday in Ember week, an ordination was held in the same church, and the following gentlemen admitted to orders: Thomas Scanlan and Dennis Byrne to subdeaconship; John Higginbotham to deaconship; Augustine Acquarone, of the Congregation of the Mission, Patrick O'Brien and Bernard Donnelly to priesthood.

Confirmation.—The sacrament of confirmation was administered on Sunday, the 13th of April, in the cathedral church, to one hundred persons; on the festival of the Ascension, in the chapel of St. Vincent, to thirty-three persons; on Sunday, the 4th of May, in the church of St. Francis Xavier, to two hundred and twenty persons, and on Sunday, the 25th of May, in the church of Our Lady of Victory, to fifty persons.

New Church.—On the 4th of May, the new church of St. Patrick, situated near the corner of 6th and Biddle streets, in this city, was solemnly dedicated to divine service. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. J. Timon, superior of the Lazarists in the United States, who also delivered an able discourse analogous to the occasion. The first stone of this church, measuring 120 by 60 feet, was solemnly laid by the then coadjutor bishop of St. Louis, on the 16th of October, 1842. The lot on which this church was built, estimated at four thousand dollars, is the gift of Mrs. Anne Biddle of this city; and the sum of one thousand dollars was generously contributed towards the building by her excellent mother, the late Mrs. Mullanphy; other citizens, too, have contributed towards this meritorious object; although we regret to state that a very considerable debt has been incurred by the bishop in its erection.

Pastoral Letter.—On Sunday, the 25th of May, a pastoral letter of the bishop addressed to the Catholics of St. Louis was read in all the churches of this city, announcing the division of this portion of the diocess into four ecclesiastical districts or parishes, to be called the parish of St. Louis, of St. Francis Xavier, of St. Patrick, and of St. Vincent of Paul, to which the limits designated in the pastoral, have been assigned. This arrangement is to come into effect on the 1st of July.—*Cath. Cab.*

Diocess of Chicago.—*University of St. Mary of the Lake.*—On the opposite page our readers will see the plan of the new edifice which is to be erected at Chicago under the above mentioned appellation. The ample scale adopted for the construction of the building affords additional evidence of the growth of Catholicity in the west, and of the active zeal with which the amiable bishop of Chicago is prosecuting his labors for the good of religion. He is at this moment in the city of New York, the former theatre of his ministry, endeavoring to raise funds



UNIVERSITY OF ST. MARY OF THE LAKE.

in aid of the contemplated building, and we are happy to learn that his appeals to the liberality of the Catholics in that city have been responded to with their usual generosity. The university of St. Mary of the Lake was chartered by the legislature of Illinois in December last, and is already in successful operation, under the direction of Rev. Jeremiah Kinsella, president of the institution. The new edifice, which is to be commenced forthwith, will be situated in a delightful and healthy spot on the borders of Lake Michigan, and will afford increased facilities in carrying out the objects of the institution.

Diocess of New Orleans.—*Confirmation.*—On Sunday, 18th May, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Blanc, gave confirmation to ninety-two persons, in the church of St. Augustine, New Orleans. On the same day he confirmed ninety persons of the German congregation of Lafayette.—The *Prop. Catholique* also states that the month of May was celebrated in N. Orleans with great piety, and that devotion to the Mother of God was increasing among the faithful.

Spreading a Calumny.—Some of the religious papers of this city are endeavoring to give circulation to a base calumny, concocted by a Dr. Beman and the notorious Sparry, under the alarming head of "Popish Bishops in Protestant Families." This vile attempt to embitter the public mind against the Catholic religion and its ministers has been proved by the New York Freeman's Journal to be a fabrication destitute of every thing in the shape of truth. The substance of the story is, a Miss Platt, of Detroit, who was rescued from the wreck of the Swallow, had been induced by the solicitations of the Catholic bishop of that place to enter a nunnery, that the bishop had supplied her with fifteen hundred dollars, and that letters were found upon her person from the bishop and Catholic priests; the design of which letters was to induce her to place herself in a nunnery, and thus violate the sacred duties she owed her parents. That the entire story is false, is proved upon Protestant authority, as will appear by reference to our extracts, last week and this, from the Freeman's Journal. Slanders of this description, levelled against the Catholic portion of the community, are of frequent occurrence, and, unfortunately, escape too often without exposure. However, the originators of the present gross violation of truth have been hunted out, and deservedly exposed to public execration. Though the position in which the Hon. Messrs. Beman and Sparry stand before the community is by no means an enviable one, others are willing to share the laurels which they have acquired by this infamous story. Surely this is honorable ambition. Our neighbors will please take the hint.—*Pittsburg Catholic.*

The Sect of Methodists.—The slavery question has at last produced a subdivision among the Methodists, as the following remark from the New York *Christian Advocate* will show.

"The first general conference of the new church is to meet in Petersburg, Virginia, on the first of May next. This resolution, which was carried unanimously, proves conclusively that the separating act is considered final."

The Presbyterian Assembly.—Speaking of the late decision of this assembly, in regard to Catholic baptism, the *Banner of the Cross* terms it a "supremely ridiculous" proceeding; yet in alluding to the decision of the same assembly relative to the validity of *lay baptism*, the *Banner* calls it a *strong expression of opinion.* Query: Does the *Banner* speak of numerical or authoritative strength? Is he serious or ironical? How can he conciliate the *supremely ridiculous* and the *strong expression* of opinion?

Protestant Relics.—"The identical chair used by the 'Dairyman's Daughter,'" said the New York Express, during the late *anniversary week*, "was placed upon the stage at the Tabernacle this morning. It is an oldfashioned arm-chair, with a high back, primitive in appearance; but to every one who has read the 'Dairyman's Daughter,' by Legh Richmond, it possesses impressive and touching interest." Of course, this is all right at the "Tabernacle;" but any such veneration by others of similar remains of primitive saints and martyrs, or even apostles, would be shocking "popery!"—*Banner of the Cross.*

Methodist Relics.—Any veneration exhibited by Catholics for the relics of the sainted dead, or even of the person and passion of Christ, through a natural as well as religious feeling, is ever treated by Protestants as an evidence of great ignorance and superstition. On the other hand, when our opponents find it convenient to exhibit any veneration for the dead, by preserving some memorial of their existence on earth, they express their convictions as coolly as if, in a previous moment, they had not denounced the practice. We make these comments after reading a communication in the Christian Advocate and Journal of New York, addressed to the editor by a certain Mr. William Fort. A few words from this letter will explain its purport. "Dear Dr. Bond, you will herewith receive six canes, one of which I beg you to accept yourself, and the remaining five I wish you to present to the five bishops. The canes I have made from a log taken from the remnant of Straubridge's log meeting-house. That they are a part of the log meeting-house there need not be a doubt on your minds, or on the minds of *the venerable men of God* to whose acceptance you will tender them. . . . I have been thus minute that you may rest assured

that the canes are a part of the log meeting-house." This statement proves that Mr. Fort has the bump of veneration strongly developed. Our readers will be happy that Mr. Fort declares, *positively*, that the log meeting-house was not built on "Pipe creek," but on "Sam's creek." This is a most important point, and deserves to be justly appreciated by the "Historical Society of Maryland."

In reply to this communication, Dr. Bond thus piously discourseth: "Our brother Fort will please accept our *warmest* expressions of gratitude for the *favor* conferred on us by the gift of so *precious a relic* of the primitive days of Methodism. Our parents were both amongst the first fruits of Mr. Straubridge's labors in the ministry, and we *can not but highly appreciate* any memorial of a man to whom they and their posterity have been so much indebted, as an instrument of God, of such substantial good to them."

Men who can talk thus when Methodist relics are to be venerated, ought to feel some shame when they raise their voices against Catholics for respecting any memorials of the just made perfect.—*Cath. Tel.*

Extraordinary Feat.—The *U. S. C. Miscellany*, in a review of a work called *Papal Rome as it is*, purporting to be written by Dr. Giustiniani, an apostate from the Catholic church, thus sums up a portion of the Doctor's eventful career:

"According to his 'Ordination Letter,' Giustiniani was ordained subdeacon on the 23d December, 1826, (p. 6.)

"Allowing *one* year until he was ordained priest; *six months* more until the 'charming summer day' (p. 23) when he bought Father Clement, and *six months* in addition, for his investigations of the Scriptures, fathers, canons, &c., on various points; perusal of the French Jansenist books, &c., those two years will bring us, not to December, 1828, but to the date of his entrance into the convent,—'towards the end of the year 1826!'

"He spent *three* months in the convent (p. 154), and a *year* and a *half* afterwards in the city (p. 159); after which he fled from Rome, and spent the pentecost (160) of 1828 in Vienna. Thus 21 months, dating from towards the end of 1826, will bring us down to May 25th, 1828!

"Giustiniani arrived in Florence on the Wednesday after pentecost (p. 164), that is, on the 29th of May, 1828, and spent two years and six months in that city, (p. 165.) He then left for Switzerland. These two years and six months bring us, not to December, 1830, but to 'towards the middle of the year 1829,' (p. 168.)

"Having staid *two years* and *eight* months more in Switzerland, he at last publicly professed Protestantism on or before the 1st July, 1831!

"Giustiniani has thus contrived to live through *eight years* and *eleven months*, between December 23d, 1826, and July 1st, 1831, beating all the rest of the world in the race of time by nearly *four years and five months!*

"We have not adverted to the gross misstatement of particular facts, and the numerous mistakes made about places, persons, and things in this volume. They are evident enough to any one who is acquainted with the city and the inhabitants of Rome. We have, on the contrary, preferred confining ourselves to the salient points and dates of the narrative, which ought to strike even a casual reader. And from what we have said it is abundantly clear that the whole is a fiction—a palpably absurd fiction. Whether Giustiniani thought that the narrative he got up was consistent or not, we do not pretend to say. If the first, some inconceivable blindness must have fallen on him. If the second, how he must have laughed in his sleeve, as he saw the certificates and recommendations of Drs. Brownlee and Breckenridge and the rest, as they fell into the trap.

"In either case, this work so emphatically recommended by clergymen, and so well circulated as to have reached already a fourth edition, fairly tests, in our opinion, the quantum of common sense a certain class of persons use, whenever they are called on to condemn 'popery.'

"By the by, as we understand that Dr. Giustiniani, who has been moving or has been moved from denomination to denomination, is now *under trial* with the Methodists in Baltimore, we intend to send this number of our paper to his judges, in order that, if they think proper, they may question the 'learned and estimable Dr.' in regard to those wonderful *eight years and eleven months.*"

The London Tablet.—In a lengthy and favorable notice of Dr. Spalding's late "Sketches of the Early Missions of Kentucky," found in the London Tablet of April 19, occurs the following passage:

"He (Dr. S.) takes some pains to assure us that the wilderness was uninhabited—perfectly an unpeopled wild—when the first colonists sought homes among its forests; but as he is obliged to show that these settlers were waylaid on the rivers, even during their approach, by the watchful Indians; that their log huts were made to resemble fortalices; that they were compelled to watch their cattle and their crops; that many a settler was murdered, and at length many battles were fought between the red lords of the soil and the white intruders; we can not but think that the Rev. Dr. has been deceived in this particular."

The mistake is altogether on the side of the accomplished editor of the Tablet, who seems to have confounded Kentucky with the whole west—an error which he might readily have avoided, had he taken the trouble to look at a map. Thus he says, near the close of his review, "the present Catholic population of Kentucky . . . . . is governed by ten bishops!" The *original* diocess of Bardstown is *now* divided into *ten*, of which Kentucky, however, constitutes but *one*. There were *Indian habitations* and *permanent settlements* in other parts of the west; in Kentucky no traces of any thing of the kind could be discovered by the first emigrants. These were waylaid on their journey, and attacked, after their arrival in Kentucky, by Indians chiefly from the north side of the Ohio river. The very passage which the editor of the Tablet extracts from the "Sketches" immediately after that upon which we are commenting, would have set him right, as it states that Kentucky was "a kind of neutral terri-

tory," and a common "Indian hunting ground," which "seems not ever to have been permanently settled by any Indian tribe." This is historically true, and this is all that Dr. Spalding asserted.

To our Readers and Correspondents.—Shortly after we had closed the June No. of the Magazine, we received several articles of great interest to our readers, as they will perceive from the perusal of the present issue. We direct their particular attention to the leading paper on Huss and the Hussites, and, as a relief from the more serious investigation of ecclesiastical history, they will pass with considerable delight to the very entertaining and not less instructive review of Charlotte Elizabeth's *Visible Church.* The author of this paper has a high sense of the dignity of theological study and of science in general, and he has thrown a flood of light upon the method employed by Charlotte Elizabeth for the diffusion of religious knowledge. The reader will also perceive that *Audin's Life of Calvin* has been presented to the public in an English dress.

We acknowledge with many thanks the reception of an excellent paper on glass painting, which, with others from the same source, will be invaluable to the historical student, and highly interesting to all who wish to understand the genius of the middle ages.

We have also on hand, from our poetical contributors, several pieces of considerable merit, which will appear *in tempore opportuno.*

OBITUARY.

Died.—At Cape Girardeau, Mo., on the 20th of March, 1845, the Rev. James Ricini, born in Genoa the 11th of January, 1815, of a wealthy and pious family.

After a youth passed in study and the holy pleasures of religion, he entered the university of Genoa, finished there his studies, and received there the degree of doctor of laws. At the bar he devoted himself to pleading gratuitously the causes of the poor; but feeling a strong call to plead for them, even against themselves, or against their enemies, the most important of causes, he entered the ecclesiastical state, and was ordained priest in 1841, by his Eminence, the cardinal archbishop of Genoa. Shortly after his ordination there fell into his hands the Life of the Rev. Andrew Ferrari, a priest of the Congregation of the Missions, who, after a holy life, died at New Orleans, a victim of his devotedness to the priestly functions of charity and zeal for souls. Deeply touched with the simple yet affecting details of Mr. Ferrari's life, Mr. Ricini conceived the idea of consecrating himself to the same mission, in the same congregation. After mature reflection and consultation with pious and learned friends, he entered the Congregation of the Missions in the house at Genoa, on the 2d of June, 1841.

During his novitiate, he was distinguished by his profound humility, his meekness, his tender charity, exhibited as far as his rules admitted, in a thousand kind attentions, and obliging services. From the overflowing of such holy sentiments in his heart, without restraint, it would seem even naturally his conversation either began or ended in praises of a holy life, of the happiness of belonging entirely to God, of the beauty of virtue, the holy examples of the saints, or fervent expressions of tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

In offering the holy sacrifice of the mass, his countenance exhibited a most tender affection, mingled with veneration and awe for the adorable victim; often was he observed to shed tears of devotion at the elevation or communion. Towards the close of his novitiate, he came to America, and, with great edification to his brethren, passed six months at the novitiate of the congregation in Missouri. For nearly one year after consecrating himself to God by vows, he labored with zeal and devotedness for the salvation of souls. When returning, through the rain late at night, from a sick call, he caught a cold, which soon hurried him to the grave. From the first moment of his attack, he declared to those around him that his labors were near their end, and that on the anniversary of the day on which his Saviour died, he would be at rest. Having received the holy sacrament with most affecting sentiments of piety, he died on Holy Thursday, and was buried on Good Friday.—*Cath. Cab.*

At Cape Girardeau, Mo., on the 28th of March, 1845, the Rev. Jerome Cercos. This pious and exemplary priest was born at Regasa in Spain, on the 30th January, 1812, of respectable and virtuous parents, whose lessons of piety, in word and example, left a lasting impression on his mind. When but 17 years of age, he entered the novitiate of the Congregation of the Mission. What specially distinguished him during his novitiate, was a most tender piety and the strictest observance of his rules.

Some years after having made his vows, the revolution broke out in Spain. Priests were massacred, clergymen insulted, religious houses desecrated and pillaged. Like others, M. Cercos had to fly from Madrid. He sought refuge first in the bosom of his family. There he might have remained, participating in the ease and affluence of their condition, but deep conviction that God called him to the state of a missionary, urged him to reunite himself with his brethren, who, in a foreign land, were permitted to live in community. Like Abraham, obeying the voice of God, he left his country, joined his brethren in France, thence, pressed with zeal for the salvation of souls, came to America. In various missions, he exerted himself in labors, often beyond

the strength of his feeble constitution. In health, whilst laboring, or in sickness, which often followed excessive labor, he never betrayed the least sign of impatience.

In one of his missions, it having been announced to him that he could not recover, and that he must shortly die, he with the greatest cheerfulness received the news, consoled those around him, remarked that what chiefly pained him was the idea of leaving them, for a time, without a pastor; then gave directions for his burial, &c. In the same sentiments did he close his life of prayer and of holy labor, of humility, and of holy patience.

After receiving the holy sacraments, and remaining some time in thanksgiving with marks of great devotion, he sunk into a slumber, but without a struggle, passed from it to the sleep of death, or, to speak the language of Christian hope inspired by his virtuous life, to the true life of the servants of God.

At St. Louis, on the 5th of May, the Very Rev. Francis R. Loisel, of the diocess of Chicago.

This amiable and edifying ecclesiastic was born in St. Louis in 1805, of pious and respectable parents. From an early age he manifested the desire of embracing the ecclesiastical state, for which his early piety and abilities seemed peculiarly to fit him. While yet young, he was sent to the college of St. Mary's, Perryville, in this state, where he subsequently entered the ecclesiastical seminary attached to it, and with the approbation of his superiors, and of all who were acquainted with his worth, he was raised to the priesthood by the late bishop of St. Louis, in June, 1828. After a few years spent in the missions connected with the seminary, he was nominated to the care of the congregation at Cahokia, Illinois, then one of the most important missions in the diocess; of which he continued in charge up to the period of his death, always highly esteemed for his zeal and piety. During the inundation by which that village was partially destroyed last year, the Rev. Mr. Loisel, as well as the other inhabitants, was obliged to quit the place; which, however, he was the last to leave and to which he was among the first who returned. The excessive fatigue endured by him in attending to the spiritual wants of his flock, much increased by the sickness consequent on too hasty a return to habitations that had so long been inundated, brought on a slow consuming fever, from which he suffered, during the past winter, with but short intervals of relief. His death occurred at the house of his brother-in-law, M. A. Cerre, in this city, on the day above mentioned, and on the following morning his remains were brought to the cathedral church in solemn procession, preceded by almost all the clergy of the city, the seminarians, etc., in surplice. The bishop officiated at the funeral service, during which the Very Rev. Mr. Timon delivered a touching address on the virtues of his former pupil and friend. His loss to the diocess, in which he had just been named vicar-general, is truly great. *R. I. P.—Ib.*

At St. Thomas' seminary, on Tuesday evening, the 27th of May, the Rev. Linus O. Coomes. The deceased had been for many years in bad health, and in consequence disabled from attending to the active duties of the ministry. He received the holy sacraments of the church: and we may cherish the hope that he has passed from a land of sorrow and suffering to the eternal resting place of the redeemed.—*Cath. Advocate.*

On the 8th of June, General Andrew Jackson, in the 75th year of his age. In announcing this event, the President of the U. States thus alludes to the character and services of the deceased.

"Wherever his lot was cast, he appeared among those around him first in natural endowments and resources, not less than first in authority and station. The power of his mind impressed itself on the policy of his country, and still lives, and will live for ever, in the memory of its people. Child of a forest region, and a settler of the wilderness, his was a genius which, as it came to the guidance of affairs, instinctively attached itself to general principles, and, inspired by the truth which his own heart revealed to him in singleness and simplicity, he found always a response in the breasts of his countrymen. Crowned with glory in war, in his whole career as a statesman he showed himself the friend and lover of peace. With an American heart, whose throbs were all for republican freedom and his native land, he yet longed to promote the widest intercourse, and the most intimate commerce, between the many nations of mankind. He was the servant of humanity. Of a vehement will, he was patient in council, deliberating long, hearing all things; yet in the moment of action, deciding with rapidity. Of a noble nature, and incapable of disguise, his thoughts lay open to all around him, and won their confidence by his ingenuous frankness. His judgment was of that solidity, that he ever tempered vigor with prudence. The flushings of anger could never cloud his faculties, but rather kindled and lighted them up, quickening their energy without disturbing their balance. In war his eye at a glance discerned his steps with unerring sagacity; in peace, he proposed measures with instinctive wisdom, of which the inspirations were prophecy. In discipline stern, in a just resolution inflexible, he was full of the gentlest affections, ever ready to solace the distressed, and to relieve the needy; faithful to his friends, fervid for his country. Indifferent to other rewards, he aspired throughout life to an honorable fame, and so loved his fellow men, that he longed to dwell in their affectionate remembrance. Heaven gave him length of days, and he filled them with deeds of greatness. He was always happy; happy in his youth, which shared the achievement of our national independence; happy in his after years, which beheld the valley of the west cover itself with the glory of free and ever increasing states; happy in his age, which saw the people multiplied from two to twenty millions, and freedom and union make their pathway from the Atlantic to the Pacific; thrice happy in death, for while he believed the liberties of his country imperishable, and was cheered by visions of its constant advancement, he departed from this life in full hope of a blessed immortality, through the merits and atonement of his Redeemer."

LITERARY NOTICES.

England's Reformation: a Poem in four cantos. By Thomas Ward, Esq. New York: D. & J. Sadlier. 18mo. pp. 486.

The edition of Ward's cantos which has been here presented to the public, is very neatly executed, and is well worthy of the character which the publishers have acquired for the mechanical beauty of their productions. The work itself may be read with great profit, not as a malicious slur upon the vices and disorders that gave birth and permanency to the Anglican reformation, but as an amusing and faithful narrative of the facts connected with that important event. At a period when every possible effort is made to hold up Catholicity and its adherents to public contempt, by the grossest misrepresentation of its faith and practices, it may not be amiss to prove to those who confide in such arguments as this, that they are far from possessing any advantage, and instead of throwing stones at their neighbor for imaginary errors, they would do better to lament the real evils of their own religious system. The book before us contains also the evidence of the heterodox character which attaches to the English reformation, and possesses the advantage of setting forth the facts of that period, in a facetious style, which may be a considerable help to those who are disinclined to wade through them in the company of the grave and dignified historian.

The Sinner's Conversion, reduced to principles. By F. Francis Salazar, S. J., arranged according to the method of the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius of Loyola. Stereotyped from the second Dublin edition. Philadelphia: W. J. Cunningham. 32mo. pp. 225.

Mr. Cunningham has rendered an important service to the Catholic community by the publication of this admirable little volume, to say nothing of the excellent style in which it has been issued. Though it professes to be particularly intended for the conversion of sinners, it is equally well adapted to maintain among the pious and virtuous the true spirit of Christianity. The book consists of a series of reflections on some of the principal truths of religion, and are arranged in such a manner that the Christian may use them either for spiritual reading in the course of the day, or for meditation in the morning. They will be found very useful by those who retire for a few days from their usual occupations, to perform the exercises of a spiritual retreat. For this purpose the work is admirably fitted, both by its matter and the arrangement of it. To facilitate the use of the volume, directions are given on the subject of meditation; it contains also important instructions relative to the order which a Christian should observe in the performance of his duties and actions.

The Catholic Gentleman's Pocket Book and Almanac, for 1845.

The Catholic Lady's Pocket Book and Almanac, for 1845. Derby: Thomas Richardson & Son. 32mo.

These volumes are beautiful specimens of the typographical art, and embody a great variety of useful information. Though they have been prepared in a special manner for the Catholics of England, they will be found very interesting to those of the United States, by the particulars which they contain on various subjects. The chief difference between the two is, that the gentleman's volume furnishes a considerable amount of commercial and other statistical information, while the lady's pocket book is ornamented with beautiful engravings, illustrative of the seven corporal works of mercy, and accompanied with excellent instructions relative to each.

Illustrations of the corporal and spiritual works of mercy, by a sister of the religious order of our Lady of mercy, with descriptive anecdotes. Philadelphia: Wm. J. Cunningham. Pittsburg: Geo. Quigley.

The contents of this work, which is in atlas form, consist chiefly of outline drawings, representing the various scenes in which a sister of mercy may be employed. The text is very limited in quantity, although it possesses considerable variety, being printed in four different languages, English, German, French and Italian. The sketch of the order of mercy is brief, but valuable. The idea which the accomplished authoress of Geraldine has executed in this work, is doubtless a very happy one: we think, however, that the outlines would be much more useful, if accompanied with a more copious text.

Butler's Lives of the Saints, No. 3. Baltimore: Metropolitan Press.

This valuable work is steadily advancing, and is distributed among a large number of subscribers. The price is such as to place it within the reach of all.

Facts against Assertions, or a Vindication of Catholic principles against misrepresentations, calumnies and falsehoods, embodied in the "Thanksgiving sermon" delivered by J. J. Miter, at Milwaukie, Dec. 12th, 1844. By Philalethes.

We are pleased to see that in the remotest parts of our country Catholicity has able champions to expose and refute the misrepresentations and sophistry of its adversaries. The pamphlet with the above title contains one hundred and seventy pages, and is undoubtedly a learned and vigorous defence of the Catholic church against the charges preferred by the Rev. Mr. Miter, a congregational minister of Milwaukie. It evinces much research, and, with the exception of a little intemperance in language scattered here and there, it is written in a very forcible and becoming style. The following passage will be read with pleasure.

"It is very clear that the Christian religion itself is based, in fact, on the principle of *religious liberty;* for if religious liberty is not a civil right, then were all persecutions raging against the first Christians morally justifiable, and the Christians bad subjects. No government has it, therefore, in its power to alter the mind of any individual and make him believe or disbelieve any tenet, as he himself has not the control over it, and that to require that which is impossible, must be an unjustifiable act of tyranny.

"Our Saviour has, moreover, expressly distinguished the civil powers from the duties of religion by declaring that his *kingdom is not of this world.* It is thus that the Catholic church is faithful to that sacred text which is the code of her *rights* as well as of her *duties,* and which is often so foolishly invoked against her: '*Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's.*' She it was who destroyed the antique theocracy, which stood out more or less prominently in all pagan institutions; she it was who always proclaimed the distinction of the two powers, which in all Protestant countries are blended together into *one*—much to the detriment of religious freedom and the liberties of the people. To dread then its absolute power over the world; to apprehend what is called the encroachment of the *spiritual* over the *temporal,* is indeed to give proof of a strange ignorance; it is wickedly to court an explosion of the passions of a fanatic or infidel crowd. Truly, I know in the Catholic church of no encroachment, save one. Yes, I must confess with the great Count Montalembert, (in his late speech in the French chamber of Peers,) 'There is, however, one encroachment of which the church is guilty; of which she has always been and ever will be guilty. That is the *encroachment of virtue* over *vice.* Yes, she desires to encroach over pride and lust, and unceasingly to encroach by humility on pride, by chastity on disorder, by the consolations of faith on misery and the neglect of the poor, by charity on harshness and the egotism and selfishness of riches. These are the encroachments you, messieurs, will in your hearts agree with me, which irritate the greatest number of her enemies, all those hired calumniators, all those false philanthropists who every morning insult her, and whose scandalous writings have so often shocked you. These are the mortifications that are disguised under accusations which would be ridiculous, if they were not destined to produce fatal consequences, by raising in the minds of the people the most monstrous phantoms. These are, however, the only encroachments on the temporal state that the church claims or exercises in the present day. It is in this sense only she desires (as it is imputed to her) the empire of this world and of the next. She covets the empire of souls; for that only does she exist, and as that is the noblest and most sovereign of empires, it is that which they strive with bitter eagerness, but without a shadow of frankness, to tear from her.'

"Yes, the Catholic church covets no dominion—no ascendency—save that of virtue over vice—of faith over unbelief—of the truth of God and of his grace over the passions and pride of his rebellious creatures. Such alone is the influence which the Catholic clergy covets. With regard to political affairs there never was and never will be the slightest evidence of any concerted action on the part of the clergy, to arrange an organization for political action or to keep up the details of party discipline. We leave all that to the zeal of the Protestant or sectarian clergy. The Catholic clergymen but know how to *suffer* and to *die* after the example of their Master. Such is the true spirit of their church—proclaimed even as late as the 19th of October, 1844. Who, for instance, is not aware of the general political excitement in Ireland within the last years? Who will be surprised if some of its clergy should have been carried away by the feeling of a people so long and so barbarously outraged? Still it was considered by the church as not congenial with the mild spirit of their sacred ministry. They were rebuked for taking part at political meetings not only by their respective bishops, but also by an admonitory communication from the college of the Sacred Congregation at Rome, which gives, 'at the instance of the holy father himself,' the following wholesome admonition addressed to Dr. Crolly, archbishop of Armagh and primate of all Ireland. 'You know,' says this document among the rest, 'most excellent and gracious prelate, what is the tenor and spirit of the ecclesiastical function, and how becoming it is, and how much it concerns the safety of religion, that those who are devoted to sacred things—the ministers of the King of peace and the dispensers of the mysteries of God, but especially those who have in charge the spiritual guidance of the faithful, by no means involve themselves in secular troubles; that they carefully cherish among the people quiet, tranquillity, and peace, which is the bond of Christianity; and constantly teach by example and precept a due submission to the temporal power in those matters which pertain to civil affairs: and exhibit signal prudence and moderation of spirit, preaching only Christ and him crucified, most cautiously avoid whatever might even lightly inflame, exasperate and draw away from the mildness of the Gospel law the flock committed to their charge. *Such is and ever has been the doctrine of the Catholic church,* which the apostolic see in its sacred duty has never ceased to hand down, and when occasion has arisen, to inculcate.'

"We deprecate, therefore, all attempts to involve us as a religious body in political disputes. There are more than sufficient proofs, which all go to show that no occasion has arisen which would force Catholic clergymen to descend from the altar and the church, to mingle in disorder and recrimination in which politicians, and too often soidisant ministers of the Gospel, delight. Hence, we sin-

cerely wish and hope to find our religion no longer made a subject for politicians; we do not wish to hear our people pointed out as special advocates of this or that party. Still that will not prevent us from voting for the men whom we may prefer—never forgetting that we are responsible to God for the faithful exercise of the franchise. For remember *it is not a free government that makes a free people, but a free people that make a free government*, and the people will and can only then be *free*, '*if the Son shall make it free.*'" John vii.

Discourse delivered at the Commemoration of the Landing of the Pilgrims of Maryland, celebrated May 12th, 1845, at Mount St. Mary's, near Emmitsburg, Md. By Enoch Louis Lowe, Esq. Printed at Gettysburg.

If the tree is to be known by its fruit, we are certainly authorized to infer from the perseverance of Mount St. Mary's in annually celebrating the landing of the pilgrims, that her students are eminently patriotic. The example which this institution displays relatively to that memorable period of Maryland history, is worthy of all praise; for there never was a time in the whole career of American independence, when it was more necessary to place before the public eye the personal character, the religious principles, and the civil policy of our colonial ancestors. In all this there is a lesson, which it behooves all to practise; a light which, the more carefully it is concealed by a certain class of men at the present day, the more diligently should the sons of Maryland evoke from under the bushel, that it may shine forth for the benefit of our whole population. No individual could have been more appropriately selected to perform the oratorical part on the occasion just referred to, than Mr. Lowe, whose eminent talents and devoted patriotism are universally admitted. His address will be read with much pleasure by every American, as a comprehensive, impartial, and eloquent comment upon our early history. We can extract only a few passages. Mr. Lowe thus alludes to the decline of Maryland's glory.

"With simplicity of heart, this handful of earnest men (unassociated in outward action, but, in fact, unconsciously co-operating with their brethren of the north and the south,) were now combining and developing the elements of a nationality, destined, at a future day, to revolutionize the ancient order of things. Neither Indian ferocity, nor Anglo-Saxon selfishness, could stop their progress. They grew hourly in wealth, intelligence and power. England strove to drag them from their proprietary freedom into the miserable servitude of a royal province; they steadily resisted. She exhausted every Machiavelian art to chain their commerce to the mammon rule of her bloated monopolies; they again resisted. Her shameless parliament enforced their iniquitous contempt of chartered rights by the power of the law, whilst the polished arguments of the bayonet were glimmering in the distance; they submitted, only through present inability to resist; and bided the workings of time. Such was Maryland, in the first epoch of her career. But, alas! the hour of her prevarication was approaching! Turbulent and unscrupulous men were meditating hideous ruin. Civil commotion lifted its viper-head from amidst the flowers of peace. The reptile of religious bigotry, fresh from the den of English persecution, envenomed the public mind. Demagogues, courtly sycophants, and saintly hypocrites, all combined, in one unholy effort, to feed the cancerous disease, which corroded the loveliest feature of human liberty. Maryland forgot her ancient glory! What cared intriguing men for the memory of olden times? What cared they for the remembrance of Calvert's liberality, and the practical tolerance of the pilgrims? Not a jot. The honor and the happiness of Maryland were but as a grain of dust in the scale, when weighed with their selfish purposes. I speak it plainly, fellow-citizens, for it is true; and it is time that the present generation should know it, and think well on it; for if there be one lesson more dear to Maryland than another, it is the one taught by the history of this period. And I would rather never breathe again, than be guilty of the cowardly concealment of a single unpalatable truth. I repeat it, MARYLAND FORGOT HER ANCIENT GLORY! Hence the odious appeals to popular passion; hence the utter contempt for the religious rights of man; hence the Catholic was disfranchised in the very colony which had been settled by the toil of his forefathers! As there is a heaven above me, I speak it not in bitterness, but in deep, deep sorrow. It is THE ONE blot upon the honor of Maryland. Look at it, fellow-citizens—look at it, steadily and calmly; and in the contemplation learn to abhor, from the depths of your hearts, the crime of disputing with the Almighty the empire of man's conscience. For, if it be an offence for proud rulers to enslave the bodies of men, it is a blasphemy to chain the imperishable soul to the footstool of earthly power! Away with cant and miserable imposition; let them be hurled back into the abyss of European iniquity, where they were first framed to mock the anguish of suffering men! They are foreign to the genius of our hallowed soil, and fit only for the rottenness of despotisms, whose iron rule crushed one fair hemisphere, and created the necessity for another. That other has been given to you for the earthly redemption of your brethren. Take heed then that ye stand for ever upon the foundations of Christian love and human right. 'ALL MEN ARE BORN FREE AND EQUAL.' All men have hearts to feel, intellects to comprehend, capacities for multifarious good. All men are, therefore, entitled to universal freedom: freedom in society, whereby to elevate themselves, each man according to the power which is in him; freedom in government, whereby to participate in framing the laws, which control 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;' freedom in religion, whereby to choose each man his own creed, in obedience to the honest dictates of conscience. Be that choice for weal or for wo, it is not for human power to overrule or to punish. The rights of conscience are amongst those which man never surrendered in the organization of society. They are the greatest of his reserved rights! As compared with them, even the cardinal law of self-defence is but a shadow—for what is the safety of this perishable body, if the immortal spirit must pine in servitude? Such is the law of reason, and the inherent right of humanity, and he is a traitor to God and to man who dares to fetter that law with penal codes, or to subject that right to the persecutions of a distorted public opinion."

After this energetic exposition of the general principles which should characterize the government of a people, the orator winds up his discourse with a more particular application of them to his own countrymen.

"The revolution came as an ordeal of fire, wherein to try their nature, and to prepare them for their sublime calling, as the NATION OF HOPE! Theirs was no vulgar contest. They fought the battle of the human race in all time to come. Stamp-acts and tea-chests were nothing. Had there been none of these, the battle would still have been waged! For it had been written upon the book of human destiny, that they should purchase with their blood an asylum for a world of suffering men, and they did so. They have left to their children A TRUST, NOT A LEGACY ONLY, involving the elements of glory or of shame, of strength or of ruin. The blessed sunbeam affords both light and heat: the one may gladden, the other may destroy. It is for you to choose. Constitutions may be framed, laws may be ordained, and festival orators may flatter your national pride, by magnifying the glory of your revolutionary fathers. What will it all avail you, or your children after you, if those constitutions and laws become a dead letter upon your statute-books; and if that glory but serves to illustrate the contrast between a noble ancestry and a degenerate offspring? When republican Athens was corrupt to the core of her heart, did not her oily-tongued flatterers delude the people with eloquent eulogies? She, too, had laws, and the semblance of freedom; BUT THE SPIRIT HAD DEPARTED! Her moral power was inert, and she perished in a blaze of licentious intellect! THE HEART OF MAN IS THE TEMPLE OF TRUTH. His statute-books are, at best, but sheep-skin. Banish truth from the public sentiment of any nation, and you may burn their parchment constitutions. Laws must derive their efficacy from the cultivated reason and the liberal feeling of the people. It is time that we should pause in our headlong career, and think seriously upon this matter! It is time that we should soberly examine what we have already done in the fulfilment of our trust, rather than hanker after fulsome eulogies, or the blasting excitements of our social and political warfare. IT IS TIME THAT A WHOLESOME PUBLIC OPINION SHOULD BE FORMED UPON A FIRM BASIS, BEYOND THE RUINOUS AGITATIONS OF PARTY POLITICS AND RELIGIOUS SECTARIANISM. Wise and patriotic men in every quarter of this union, are watching with anxious eye the hourly vicissitudes in the development of American nationality. The more timid already apprehend much! The corruptions of speculative wealth, and the temptations of place and power, are at work within us. Rude crime is *not* the most dangerous enemy of public morals. That *subtle, smiling* vice, which cloaks itself in outward seemliness of carriage—look well to it, fellow-citizens! Herein lies the germ of destruction! It requires no prophet to foretell that, unless the honest mass of the people promptly and for ever frown down all reckless men, who thrive by the excitement of popular passion and prejudice, the day will inevitably come, when a corrupt public opinion will sap the foundations of our government, and plunge the world into a gulf of despair! No earthly power can save, as none can destroy, the fabric of our institutions, BUT THE PEOPLE THEMSELVES! Let the people look to it. Let them preserve, in all purity, the tribunal of public opinion, before which every man, rich and poor, ignorant and learned, believer and unbeliever, may appear with confidence, and have meted out to him the full and cordial blessings of our constitution. For if we abuse our high commission, and blast the hopes of suffering humanity, the justice of an avenging God will come upon us, and terrible will be the retribution! This is no declamation, no vain terror to frighten children with. It is a TRUTH, A LIVING TRUTH, firm as the basis of yon blue mountains, and eternal as the God who made them! It behooves each and every man to think of this; for each and every man has his full share of the responsibility. But, above all, it is the duty of those whose position commands the public confidence. Let official men and legislators respect the sanctity of the constitution, and protect the rights of every class of citizens. Let the spiritual teachers of the people, from every pulpit in the land, inculcate universal philanthropy and brotherly love. Then we shall see less of the excitements of party and the bitterness of sectarianism. Then all men will reduce to *practice* the words of inspired wisdom, 'DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE OTHERS TO DO UNTO YOU.' Then communities will live in peace, every man freely exercising his social, political and religious rights, without incurring the persecutions of penal law, of mob violence, or a proscriptive public opinion.

"Such, Marylanders! such is your duty, and your destiny. Such should be your pride and your daily effort! The end whereof is no less than the glory of your country, and the emancipation of the human race!"

The History of Ireland, ancient and modern, taken from the most authentic records, and dedicated to the Irish Brigade. By the Abbe Mac-Geoghegan. Translated from the French by Patrick O'Kelley, Esq., author of a History of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, &c. New York: D. & J. Sadlier. Baltimore: J. Murphy.

We have received from the press of D. & J. Sadlier parts 1 & 2 of their very neat edition of the Abbe Mac-Geoghegan's History of Ireland. Two fine engravings embellish the first part. A full type and broad margin, as well as the intrinsic merit of the work, are at once inviting and refreshing to the reader. To Irishmen especially this work commends itself for the elegance in which it is got up and the high character of its author. If it had no other testimonies in its favor, the fact that Professor O'Kelly of Dublin, himself distinguished for taste and talent, should have thought it worthy of translation from the French, in which it was originally written, should of itself be a strong recommendation. The work bears the impress of sound judgment, diligent research, and more disinterestedness than we would have expected from one who dearly loved his native isle, and mingled as chaplain with a brigade of exiles, composed of the very flower of Irish chivalry. The remote history of the games, wars, laws, and religion of the ancient Milesians, which most writers of Irish legends have rendered dry and tedious, becomes in the abbe's hands a comparatively

pleasing and interesting narrative. The two numbers before us we have read with much satisfaction, the first, and part of the second, treating of "Pagan Ireland," and the balance of the second, being devoted to an account of the labors of St. Patrick and his disciples, and a narrative of the efforts of his precursors to Christianize Ireland. "No library is perfect without Abbe Mac-Geoghegan," say the editors of the Dublin Review: the Messrs. Sadliers by their cheap and elegant edition have placed a work so desirable within the reach of every lover of Irish history.

Portrait of the Rev. John B. Gildea, late pastor of St. Vincent de Paul's church. Baltimore: Published by John Murphy.

Few likenesses have been more faithfully executed than this portrait of Rev. Mr. Gildea. Besides the admirable finish of the engraving, as such, it is characterized by what is chiefly to be desired in a portrait, an accurate delineation of feature and that expression of the countenance which at once recall to memory the original it is intended to represent. The friends of Mr. Gildea now possess an opportunity of procuring a portrait of one whose virtues will always be remembered with reverence and gratitude.

Gems af Devotion: a selection of prayers for the use of Catholics. Baltimore: Metropolitan Press. 32mo., pp. 311.

Among the infinite variety of prayer-books that have been published to suit the differences of spiritual taste, we thought that the art of combining prayers and devotions was well nigh, if not completely exhausted. The book before us, however, is a proof that we were mistaken. It exhibits in some respects a new collection, or at least a new arrangement of prayers, which will be found to answer most, if not all the purposes of devotion. It is very neatly printed and in a convenient form, and may be had at various prices, from twelve cents to sixty, according to the binding.

Journal of Charles Carroll, of Carrolton, during his visit to Canada in 1776, *with a Memoir and Notes, by Brantz Mayer, Cor. Sec. Md. Hist. Society.* Baltimore: Jno. Murphy. 8vo., pp. 84.

It will be gratifying to the public to witness this first effort of the Maryland Historical Society, in bringing to light the interesting documents regarding the history of our state. The association, although in its infancy, has already displayed much vigor in the prosecution of its laudable objects, and has succeeded in collecting many valuable papers relative to the early history of Maryland. The diary which it has just placed before the public, was deposited among the archives of the society by Mrs. MacTavish, a grand-daughter of Mr. Carroll, and possesses considerable interest, not only as a relic of that venerable patriot, the last survivor of those who signed the Declaration of Independence, but as a document exhibiting a curious contrast between the mode of travelling seventy years ago and the facilities which we now possess. We must confess, too, that we feel much pleasure in perceiving the first publication of the Maryland Historical Society to be so explicit an evidence of the patriotic sentiments of the Rev. Mr. Carroll, subsequently archbishop of Baltimore, who accompanied the commissioners of congress to Canada. We may perhaps recur to this subject on another occasion. For the present, we must content ourselves with observing that Mr. Mayer has prefaced the Journal of Mr. Carroll with a very excellent memoir, which throws much light on the eventful period to which it refers. He has, however, committed an inadvertency which it may not be amiss to notice in this place. In many parts of his memoir he has occasion to speak of those who professed the Catholic religion, and we are happy to find that he has given them their proper appellation, except in one passage, p. 14, where he terms them *Romanists.* We beg leave to inform the writer, and all whom it may concern, that the word *Romanist* is considered by the members of the Catholic church as a nick-name, and the use of it is looked upon by them as a want of courtesy, inasmuch as they have a right not to be designated by terms which they do not recognise. The word in question has never been employed by any Catholic writer, to point out the members of the Catholic church: it was coined by the adversaries of this church after they had seceded from it in the beginning of the sixteenth century. If any new names were then to be adopted, they were required only by the separatists; but the old church did not, on this account, lose her claim to the title which she had always enjoyed, and having her appropriate and distinctive appellation, she did not require any new one; at all events it was not the part of her enemies to palm upon her a title which she disclaimed. We do not impute to Mr. Mayer any wish to deviate from what we consider a point of propriety; but as his phraseology has gone abroad, and apparently with the sanction of the Maryland Historical Society, we deem it a duty, both as member of that Society and as member of the Catholic church, to rectify the mistake.

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